JOHN BULL, MAY 4, 1929
TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

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No. 1194.
Vol. XLV.

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A FREE Catalogue of the O'BRIEN CYCLE is offered in the advt. appearing on page 32.

WRITE for wonderful Catalogue "W" post free, offered in the WHITELEY CYCLES advt. on page 2.

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The MEAD advt. opposite offers a free Illustrated Catalogue of 20 different Cycle models. Simply write to Department E877, Mead, Ltd., Birmingham.

FREE SAMPLES and a new Colour Book of Lino Designs are offered by CATESBY'S, Ltd., on page 29. Send the coupon appearing in the advt. or a postcard will do if you ask for Set No. K.19.

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PRIZE.—£200 in prizes for "Limerick" last lines. The more letters in "Diploma" Crustless Cheese offer a 1st prize of £50; 2nd prize, £20; 3rd prize, £10; and other prizes, for the best last line to the limerick appearing in the advt. on page 25. Write your last line on paper and attach the small label from a portion of "Diploma" Crustless Cheese, or a label from "Diploma" or "Coronet" Milk. Note the closing date, which is Friday, May 17. Send your attempt NOW! Be sure to mark your envelope Wilts United Dairies, Ltd., Dept. 9, Trowbridge, Wilts.

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Dear Sir,—I was taken seriously ill with RHEUMATISM and eventually lost my work. I had it in every part of my body. My feet, hands and wrists swelled enormously, and I had a temperature of 103. When the pain went to my head I thought I should lose my senses. Doctor's medicine and liniment gave me no relief. After taking two boxes of Urace Tablets every trace of Rheumatism was cleared out. Within five days I was out of bed and able to stroll in the open. I have never been without Urace since.

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NEURALGIA	CRAMP	NERVE PAINS
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BRITISH MADE

In neat aluminium cases. Large size, 1/-; De Luxe, 1/6; Refills, 11d.; Popular size, 7½d. Tubes, 6d. and 1/-.

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ENTRANCE FEE 6d FOR TWO ATTEMPTS

Only One Sixpenny Double Entry Allowed for Each Competitor.

CLOSING DATE THURSDAY (NOON) MAY 9TH.

Solution of Puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale THURSDAY, MAY 16th.
Winner will be given in "John Bull" on sale THURSDAY, MAY 23rd.

QUICKER RESULTS! EASIER THAN EVER! NO CLAIMS REQUIRED!

RESULT of John Bull X-word No. 8 appears on this page.

"John Bull" will pay £500 for a correct solution, on one Form, of "John Bull" Crossword No. 11 which is given below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. Every reader has an equal opportunity—no competitor may send in more than one sixpenny double entry—entry fee Sixpence for TWO attempts.

CLOSING DATE THURSDAY (Noon), May 9th. No entries for this competition accepted afterwards. Post Early!

Read the following Rules and Conditions carefully.

1. Fill in puzzle below IN INK, and your name and address in block capitals. Cut out coupon, place it with a Postal Order value sixpence in an envelope bearing a 1½d. stamp and post to
"John Bull" Crosswords (No. 11),
57, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2 (Comp.).
so as to reach us not later than noon on Thursday, May 9th.
Entry MUST be sent by post.

2. Postal Orders must be made payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and crossed /& Co./, and the date of sending the order, complete with the name and address of competitor, must be written on the back. The number of the Postal Order must be written in the space provided in the Entry Form. Stamps cannot in any circumstances be accepted.

3. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for any coupon lost, delayed, not delivered or misaid. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery, and no correspondence can be entered into.

4. In the event of a tie the prize will be divided between those competitors whose coupons are correct or contain fewest errors, but no competitor shall receive more than one share.

5. Mutilated or altered Entry Forms will be disqualified. Solutions must be complete and filled in on Entry Forms provided.

6. No competitor may send in more than the two solutions "A" and "B" provided for on the entry forms.

7. The correct solution of the puzzle is known only to the Editor and will be kept under seal until all entries have been received.

8. The result of this competition will be published in the issue of "John Bull" on sale Thursday, May 23rd. Any competitor who claims to have sent in a solution which is identical with the published solution or contains as few errors as the competitor announced as the prize-winner, may have a scrutiny by demanding the same by or before first post Tuesday, May 28th, on which date the prize-money will be dispatched and after which date no claims will be considered.

9. If such demand is found to be correct, the result will be amended accordingly, and any competitor demanding a scrutiny must accept as final the result of such scrutiny as certified by the Editor.

10. Every request for a scrutiny must be made by Registered letter only and must be accompanied by a remittance for £5, which will be returned to the competitor if his claim proves valid.

Requests for scrutiny must be addressed to:—
The Competition Editor,
"John Bull,"
Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Envelopes should be marked "Scrutiny" in top left-hand corner. All applications must be accompanied by a copy of Entry Form and number of Postal Order.

11. Entries for this competition must not be enclosed with "Bullets" entries or other correspondence addressed to "John Bull."

12. The Editor's decision is final and legally binding in all matters relating to this competition, and acceptance of this condition is an express condition of entry.

13. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

14. Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

Solution of John Bull X-word No. 9.

B	A	B	Y	■	S	U	B	M	E	R	S	E	■	■
A	M	E	E	R	■	H	E	A	T	I	N	G	■	■
N	E	S	R	O	■	C	K	■	G	A	G	■	■	■
■	■	D	U	D	■	C	K	E	Y	■	P	I	■	■
S	K	I	M	S	■	U	■	A	C	I	D	■	■	■
■	■	N	I	L	■	T	E	N	C	H	I	L	■	■
H	O	E	I	N	G	■	L	E	A	L	■	■	■	■
■	■	P	I	C	■	R	O	U	S	T	E	D	■	■
A	■	R	E	W	A	R	D	■	S	K	I	T	■	■
F	I	L	E	■	A	F	T	E	R	■	S	P	A	■
■	C	L	I	F	T	■	D	O	N	■	O	K	■	■
T	O	A	S	T	■	P	■	L	O	O	S	E	■	■
■	■	N	Y	E	■	S	A	M	■	P	E	N	■	■

9.5.

RESULT will be published NEXT WEEK

The Solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 9 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

CLUES ACROSS

2. Struck.
5. Precise in manner
8. So let it be!
10. With ability.
12. For curtains and trimming.
13. To withdraw.
16. Infused with air.
17. To skip stones through water.
19. Burnt out coal.
22. Rousing up.
23. Sorrowful.
26. Maiden name.
30. To baffle.
32. In addition to.
33. Large passenger vessel.
36. Corrosive liquids.
39. Twice five.
39. Half of a ship's yard.
40. Fleshy.
42. Having more pride.
45. Beseech.
46. Daily.
48. Delivered.
49. Hurt.
50. Weed.
52. Music-hall or Dominion.
53. Uncomfortable.
54. Large Cupola.

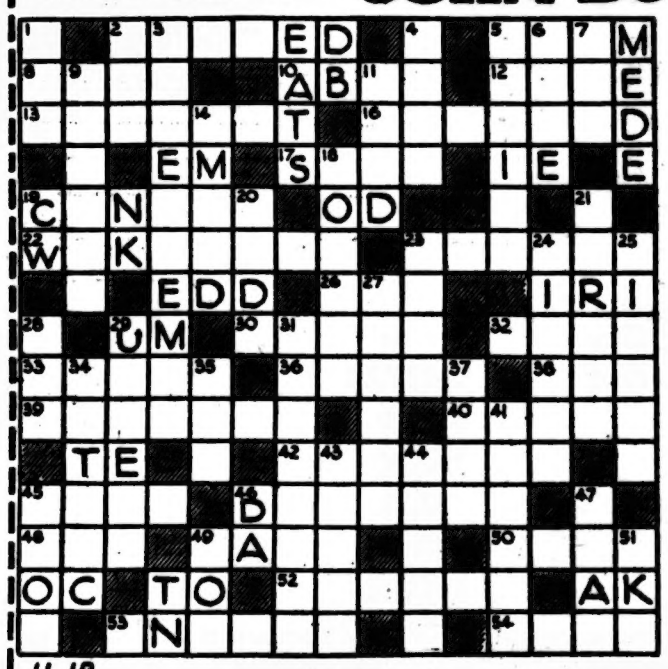
CLUES DOWN

1. Impair.
2. Wager.
3. Not fulfilled.
4. Observed.
5. Flat fish.
6. A levy.
7. Congealed water.
9. In the middle.
11. To celebrate.
14. To correct.
18. Superior brandy.
20. Be borne.
21. Money wallets.
22. A plant.
24. To percolate.
25. A young lion.
27. A journalist.
28. Cunning.
29. Not perused.
31. Blood-suckers.
34. Pointing to medicine.
35. Animal.
37. An alkali.
41. Mark of distinction.
43. Queer.
44. Unfasten.
45. A pointed instrument.
47. A small weight.
49. Garden implement.
51. Extend.

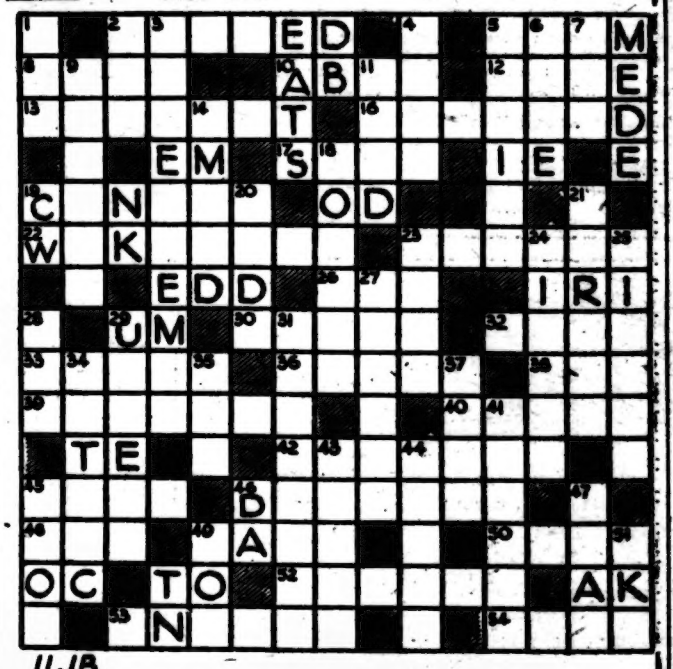
Chambers's 20th Century Dictionary and Nuttall's Dictionary were used in compiling this puzzle.

CUT HERE

ENTRY FORM "A" **JOHN BULL** CROSSWORD No. 11 ENTRY FORM "B"



11 JB.



11 JB.

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose 6d. P.O. No. _____

These Entry Forms must not be separated, and a postal order for SIXPENCE must be enclosed to cover either one OR BOTH entries.

SIGNED _____

ADDRESS _____

CLOSING DATE THURSDAY [NOON] MAY 9th.

ANOTHER BIG CROSSWORD PRIZE NEXT WEEK!

THE REAL HAIR GROWER SENT FREE.

Douglas Dew.

My amazing offer to all who desire to grow hair.

I HEREBY offer to send a testing sample of my wonderful hair-growing preparation absolutely free to any person who asks for it, and who will agree to use it according to my simple directions.
If this is done I am positive that the results will be surprisingly gratifying.

I ASK YOU PARTICULARLY TO TRY MY TREATMENT IF YOU HAVE TRIED OTHERS WITHOUT SUCCESS.

Many of the commendatory letters that come to hand are from persons who, having tried various advertised preparations for hair growth with no obvious results, have used mine with the utmost satisfaction, there being a palpable growth started after a few applications.
In cases where people have been bald for years, or where the hair has fallen out because of disease, the use of my preparation has brought a vast number of genuine testimonials. For forcing hair where it does not show a tendency to grow, also in arresting the falling out of hair, my preparation is wonderful in effect.

A TEST COSTS YOU NOTHING.

So great has been the demand for my treatment that I am receiving orders from all parts of the world. People in distant lands write that they never knew of such a remarkable hair grower before.
I never pay theatrical persons or others to endorse me, but only use the genuine unsolicited recommendations of persons in ordinary walks of life, and I will with pleasure supply letters from people whose BONA-FIDES are unquestioned.
I will send a tin of my preparation and a bottle of my Liquid Shampoo for testing, with letters of directions in a plain sealed covering, promptly on receipt of three penny stamps for postage and packing, etc. Write name and address in block letters.
State the nature of your trouble in confidence to—

DOUGLAS DEW,
79A, Victoria House, Victoria Road,
London, S.E.15.

ONE Reader wins our £500 X-WORD

£500 awarded in "John Bull" Crossword Competition No 8. Only one correct solution was received for "John Bull" Crossword Competition No 8.
This was sent in by: Mr F. C. Odling, 138, Denmark Road, Heeley, Sheffield, to whom, subject to the conditions of the competition, a cheque for £500 will be dispatched.

Another £500 X-Word appears on this page. TRY YOUR SKILL NOW!

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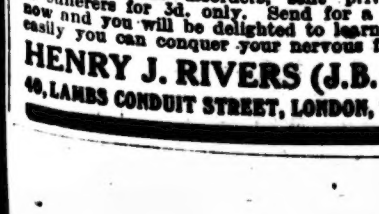

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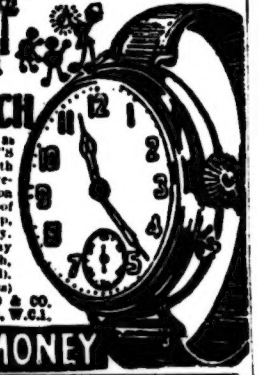

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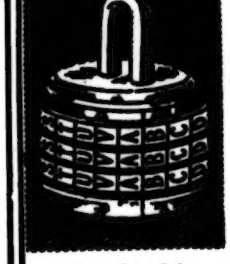

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THURSDAY
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"If you see it in 'John Bull'—it is so"

Oil Ring's World Stranglehold—City's Red Bogey

Marconi Monopoly—Bognor Gold Mine

Bank Tyranny

THE most significant news of the last few weeks has nothing to do with General Elections, nor even with Naval Pact aspirations at Geneva, which may or may not amount to anything

It is that the great German dye trust, which has sufficient resources to supply the whole of Germany with synthetic petrol, has come to an "arrangement" with the international oil trusts.

* * *

Details are not published, but it means that there will be no hope of the world's consumers having any benefit in reduced prices out of the great scientific advance represented by the production of synthetic petrol.

* * *

It is a certainty that when Britain is in a position to extract oil from coal in large quantities the trusts will step in. They, not the public, will reap the benefit—that is, if we are mugs enough to let them.

The Royal broadcast

Three weeks ago we suggested that, so soon as his health allowed it, the King should broadcast an Empire-wide radio message to his subjects.

His birthday, on June 3, we thought, would be an admirable occasion for an event that would arouse loyal enthusiasm from the Irish Sea to the Pacific.

* * *

The *Star* flattered us about ten days later by devoting columns of its space to the idea. Every little helps, and we are proud that our lead should have been followed.

Now for another suggestion. What about a National Thanksgiving Memorial Fund for the hospitals? The King, we know, would like it.

Timidity under top-hats

Things are quieter in the City than they have been for many years.

Uncertainty concerning the result of the General Election has postponed the flotation of many companies and damped speculative activity on the Stock Exchange.

The old women of Lombard Street are shivering under their top-hats at the prospect of a Labour Government with a majority in the Commons.

They prophesy in such a case the ruin of British credit abroad, murderous taxes on wealth—and everything disagreeable, short of earthquakes.

Ten years after

The Prime Minister has had the good sense to receive a deputation from the British Legion with regard to the grievances of ex-Servicemen. It is to be hoped that he will see that some of these wrongs are righted.

A good many election promises are flying about just now, but there are few promises to the men who suffered most in the war.

Far too much is being left to private charity in dealing with the needs of the disabled.

A great many disabled men are still out of work and some of those who have got jobs to eke out their small pensions ought not to have to work. In London every day, war-broken men are crawling to work when they are more fit to be in hospital beds.

At the Star and Garter Home at Richmond badly disabled men are provided with only hand-propelled chairs by a niggardly Government.

The men toil until they are exhausted in propelling their chairs up the steep slope of Richmond Hill, and the sight is pathetic and humiliating.

Safety first

The Safety at Sea Conference which is now sitting might well consider the refusal of the Marconi International Marine Communication Co., Ltd., to allow ships' officers to take a short course in wireless operation.

At present many small ships carry only one wireless operator. If anything happens to him the ship is isolated.

All that is asked is that ships' officers shall be allowed to include in their training sufficient experience of wireless work to be able to take over in an emergency.

This the Marconi Company refuses because it fears such a step will tend to break its practical monopoly in operators.

"Talkie" talk

The Yanks are certainly not going to have it all their own way in the "talkie" business in this country.

Will Hays, Hollywood's biggest noise, is in for a jar

Quite apart from the films, the British manufacturers of the apparatus by which such pictures are shown have every reason to be optimistic.

We happen to know that a common-sense test, with admirable results from this country's point of view, has just been made.

A group of representative exhibitors was taken to a West End hall, where they heard some typical sound films reproduced by the Western Electric system.

They were then taken to a cinema at Stamford Hill, where the British Talking Pictures system is fitted, and the same pictures were shown again.

The British outfit emerged with flying colours—and it is cheaper.

Less secrecy

Why is the Preparatory Commission for Disarmament holding its sessions on poison-gas in private?

Would public discussion show up the obstructing nations too readily?

Only a few States have signed the Geneva Protocol of 1925. Germany has signed, France and England are still out.

Who is holding it up? Let us have a little open air at Geneva.

Old, but not wise

Mrs. Annie Besant, eighty-year-old stormy petrel of Indian politics, is on the high seas, homeward bound from India.

Stormy Petrel Besant

She is coming to raise Cain—or, in other words, to make India's "freedom" an election issue if she can.

Everyone respects Mrs. Besant's sincerity and admires her vigour, but this latest step is as grotesquely inept as any of her previous acts of political folly.

The Simon Commission is above Party strife, and its findings must be discussed impartially and honestly.

If Mrs. Besant manages to bring India into the election tussle, all hope of a sound settlement of that country's future vanishes immediately.

Ring sawdust

Does Lord Lonsdale, President of the Boxing Board of Control, realise that Johnny Hill, the British flyweight champion, is being deprived of the opportunity of meeting Frankie Genaro, the American, for the world's title?

And on Hill's own tight little island, too!

That is the outrageous decision of the British Boxing Board of Control, all because the promoter does not live in England.

One wonders if all Board-members are happy as to who may not be a possible promoter.

Kudos

The value of land at Bognor has increased 300 per cent.

Royalty has very great commercial value everywhere.

In London there are shops and hotels which are willing to pay enormous sums to anyone able to introduce a member of the Royal Family.

And if Royalty gets to hear about the trick, the "commission" can be written off as a dead loss.

A solid mushroom

It will come as a surprise to most people to realise that the combined motor-transport organisations in this country now employ more men than all the railways put together.

There are more than 800,000 men employed on the actual operation of motor-transport services, and many more thousands in garages and booking-stations whose employment is directly due to road transport.

The Government might have regard for this fact when it next reviews the railway position, and take care not to penalise for the sake of the railways an industry on which so many people depend for their livelihood.

Russia's "civil" aeroplanes

Some hundreds of aeroplanes are about to be exported to Russia from this country. According to the casuistry of the Foreign Office, they are not military but civil machines, because they have no armament.

We are in a position to inform the Foreign Secretary that Russia can if she desires fit bomb racks to the whole lot within a week, and machine-guns and mountings within a fortnight of delivery.

Fortunately, however, Russian citizens have more to fear than Britain, which is out of range.

Creaking cranks

All sorts of cranks and faddists are supremely happy at the present moment in the optimistic belief that the General Election will yield their various causes rich harvests. The Pro-Everything and the Anti-Everything are equally confident.

Those zealous folk who are agitating for the disestablishment of the Church of England strangely enough entertain the hope that the return of Labour, or the return of Labour with the support of Nonconformist Liberalism, would crown their cause with success.

As a matter of fact, none of the Parties is very excited at the present moment over the question of Disestablishment, and it certainly doesn't interest the man in the street.

Cage grille

Some of the big banks are again attempting to prevent their staffs from taking any part in political activities during the General Election.

They are letting it be known that the directors do not regard with favour any public speaking or canvassing by bank clerks.

In some cases, rules to that effect are being laid down. In others, a hint is considered sufficient.

This is tyranny of the worst kind. A bank clerk is an ordinary citizen as well as an official of the bank, and he should be allowed to make what use he likes of his rights as a citizen without interference.

Pretty absurd

When will Fleet Street kill the "pretty girl" cliche stone dead?

Every girl who is murdered is pretty. Every bride of the season is pretty.

And so is every detestable little gold-digger who marries a gouty old fool of three times her own age.

It is too much to expect the truth about the looks of some; but why the invariable flattery, when the awful truth is told on the picture pages?

IF YOU SEE IT—*(Continued)*

"Leaks"

The sphinx-like or wooden demeanour (according to your point of view) of Sir Samuel Hoare at question-time conceals his serious anxiety regarding the thefts of petrol in the Royal Air Force.

In one case, we learn, a non-commissioned officer is alleged to have fitted an ingenious leak on the aeroplane tank side of the petrol meter, and the leak trickled into his private receptacle.

It is not only N.C.O.s and men who are involved, however, as a drastic and impartial enquiry will show.

Let there be light

The Medical Research Committee, in its recent report on artificial sunlight, declared that a thorough investigation of the whole matter, free from medical prejudice, was essential.

This means that, until such an investigation has been held, the Ministry of Health can, with equanimity, reject the increasing number of applications from local authorities for grants towards the establishment of sunlight clinics.

While we have, from time to time, ruthlessly exposed bogus clinics, the value of artificial-sunlight treatment is not to be disputed.

The necessary enquiry, therefore, must not be delayed, so that what Edison has endorsed as the greatest scientific aid to health yet discovered may speedily be brought within the reach of everybody.

Lord Mayor, please note

Thousands of flannel shirts were recently dumped into the distressed Rhondda Valley. They had cost the Lord Mayor's Fund 60s. a dozen.

A local business man discovered that many of them were inferior goods, and could have been supplied at 38s. to 40s. a dozen. The result of an investigation has been the return of £1,000 to the fund.

Why should not divisional committees of the fund give such orders to tradespeople in the distressed areas? Many who are not already ruined are on the brink of bankruptcy.

Their savings have gone in giving extended credit. They are barely able to bear the burden of increased Poor-rate that has fallen on them.

They should at least be allowed to tender for orders on equal terms with outside firms.

The parson pal

The Rev. David Railton, of Bradford, one-time padre of the Northumberland Fusiliers, does not believe that a man who drinks drowns his soul in his pint of beer.

In spite of raised eyebrows, on one evening in each week, from nine until ten o'clock, he is to be found in the cosy bar of a tavern in his parish.

His visit is looked forward to with eagerness by the regular customers, and he discourses on many topics besides religion.

He will tell you that he has met some of the finest men in the world in a public-house—men who would scorn to tell a bawdy tale, use a foul word, or do a mean action.

And it is no secret that he has won many a convert there.

Coloured favourites

While many British seamen are unable to get work, scores of British ships are manned mainly by crews of coloured men. This is not because the shipowners have any love for the coloured men, but because they can get them cheap.

At Cardiff this scandal has reached such proportions that the local authorities have raised the matter with the Home Office.

The Cardiff Watch Committee is also tackling the grave problem of the association of these coloured seamen with white women.

The Home Secretary is very evasive on this subject. He says that "certain possibilities are being investigated," but refuses to specify what they are.

One of the "impossibilities," we know, is an acknowledgment of the rights of the sailors rather than the interests of the owners.

North stars

Big English football clubs are generally agreed to limit the signing-on of Scottish "stars."

This is no reflection on these famous men as players.

The decision is due to the fact that they do not, as a rule, "fit in" and do not stand our more boisterous play.

Furthermore, it is agreed that the anæmic Scottish League will be brought back to health if its clubs keep their good players instead of selling them and relying on second-rate material.

Baldwin and Son

We cannot admire Dame Lyall, of the L.C.C. She appeals to the women electors of Dudley to spurn Mr. Oliver Baldwin, the Prime Minister's son, whom she accuses of going about the country pulling a good father to pieces.

Tactful and dignified Oliver Baldwin is a Labour candidate in the election

Oliver Baldwin, as a matter of fact, has handled a difficult situation with tact and dignity.

While disagreeing with the political views of his father, he is always scrupulously careful to refrain, whenever possible, from even mentioning his father's name.

Dame Lyall apparently wants to make us believe that the days when a man can do what he likes with his own political beliefs are gone.

Big screw's big screw

Income-tax collectors are very artful, but they are not always artful enough to extract his full dues from the payer of super-tax.

There is a scandalous amount of evasion among the super-tax payers, and the bigwigs at Somerset House are beginning to scratch their heads about it.

There are 94,000 people in the country whose aggregate income exceeds £537,000,000.

The wealth of these people is growing—as is shown by the increased amount received from death duties—but super-tax returns are falling off.

We would like to see the screw applied very severely here.

Fair's fair

We recently told how evidence vital for his defence was withheld from a cripple, named Herbert Rush, charged with obtaining food and lodging by false pretences.

Since then several readers have written expressing surprise that we should have taken Rush's part, and retailing to us what they know about him.

As indicated in our article, we were perfectly familiar with Rush's history at the time the article was written; but every British subject, whatever his past may be, is entitled to a fair trial, and it has ever been our policy to resort to plain speaking when he does not get it.

So that's that.

Shouting the odds

Little wonder that the Empire tours of the Prince of Wales inspired him to plain speaking on out-of-date British salesmanship.

We have just glanced at a copy of the *Sydney Evening News*, a widely read Australian newspaper.

There are nine advertisements booming American films, and only two mentioning British.

We are supposed to lead the world as car manufacturers, but against the four big advertisements of American cars there are but three single-line British announcements.

The same paltry effort is made to attract attention to a British typewriter.

There is even a large display advertisement lauding the advantages of travelling by an American steamship line between Australia and the Pacific Coast. The only British steamship advertisement relates to Tasmania. When will the sleepers awake?

Sir C. Higham, a pioneer of boosting Britain through the Empire

Bait for the ignorant

A new method of attracting clients has been adopted by some share-peddling firms.

Several hundreds of people have been circularised with the offer of a free ticket in the Stock Exchange sweep for anyone who becomes a client before a certain date.

If they can afford to give hundreds of pounds away in this manner, it is obvious that they must be making pretty big profits out of those who are foolish enough to deal with them.

We suggest that the organisers of the Stock Exchange sweep should take steps to prevent tickets being used in this way.

Terrorism

Another farmer has thrown down the gauntlet to the fox-hunters. Following the example of Mr. Nation, Mr. S. Yorke, of Crick, Rugby, has warned the Pytchley Hunt to keep off his land.

The counter-blow has been swift and deadly. A prominent hunting man has interviewed the rebel and stirred up such strong feeling against him that Mr. Yorke, who is an old man with an invalid wife, is now attempting to sell his farm.

Which shows how sporting some sportsmen can be when they try.

Mum about slums

The Attorney-General recently prophesied that the Prime Minister was to announce an extension of the pensions schemes to voluntary contributors.

He "hopes to lay proposals"

Mr. Baldwin carefully omitted any reference to the subject in outlining his programme, and it looks as if the Attorney-General has been dressed down for his indiscretion.

There are also rumours of a hitch in the Government's much-boosted scheme for slum-clearance.

Mr. Chamberlain has guarded himself by saying that he hopes to lay proposals before the House next Session.

The truth is that property-owners have been saying a few things to influential persons in high places, and unless they are assured of adequate compensation for their wretched housing property there will not be much slum-clearance.

Without comment

At the Metropolitan Grocers' dinner the Home Secretary, Sir William Joynson-Hicks, remarked that he had made enquiries and could say conclusively that *agents-provocateurs* were not being used in the administration of the Shops Hours Act.

When a Stockton draper was fined for a breach of the Act, the shops inspector himself admitted in evidence that he sent his assistant to purchase a collar, knowing that it was five minutes after closing-time.

An accident

The Clean Politics Bill, which seeks to compel publication of Party fund accounts, accidentally secured a second reading last week.

The Government ventriloquist who usually prevents its passage without disclosing his identity by calling "Object," must have been asleep.

Politicians, however, need have no fear. The Bill cannot now go through.

Root it out

As a sequel to our recent exposure of the sale of children in Hong Kong, sometimes into prostitution, the Colonial Office is preparing some remarkable papers on the Mui-Tsai system, as it is called.

We understand that they will be laid before the House of Commons early in the new Parliament, and that the facts disclosed will shock any new Members who imagine that because a region is British territory it is therefore safe for young girls of any nationality.

Radium dangers

The Government's decision to buy £200,000 worth of radium is welcome, but there is need for care in the employment of this precious substance.

In the opinion of experts, radium is being handled by people who do not know the first thing about its use.

A fully qualified doctor may be quite unfit to administer radium treatment, and radium is very dangerous in unskilled hands.

Radiology is a science in itself, and years of experience are required before a radiologist is fully competent to handle radium on cancer patients.

The Government should see to it that we have skilled radiologists as well as radium.

Most important

An important aspect of the Board of Trade enquiry into the loss of the *Vestris* lies in the following fact.

If it is found that the steamship company did not take proper precautions to keep the life-saving apparatus in order, or in other ways committed a breach of Board of Trade regulations, the survivors and the dependents of the drowned can legally proceed for damages, which might involve the owners in a loss of many thousands.

So this is fame

Mr. John A. Inglis, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, wrote a novel called "The Mysterious Wooing."

It was published by Arthur Stockwell, Ltd., of Ludgate Hill, London, who asked the author to pay over £90 for the privilege.

During the two years since the novel appeared, Mr. Inglis has received £2 in royalties. And five of the copies represented in this amount were bought by his friends.

Once again, therefore, the "House of Stockwell" has led a literary aspirant "up the garden."

We can only repeat our warning to budding authors to submit their work only to agencies and publishers of standing and repute.

Save us more bother

Why are the stewards of the National Greyhound Racing Club delaying a definite recognition of the new ear-disc for greyhounds, invented to defeat the racing crooks and their practice of substitution?

The discs are cheap and practical. They could, we happen to know, be produced for a few shillings each. Moreover, they have the approval of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

This is what greyhound racing has always needed. If the stewards of the club make a move they will probably save us the trouble of exposing many more dog-racing trickeries.

It's Up to YOU!

An Exclusive Article by LORD ROTHERMERE

The author is Britain's premier Press peer

"John Bull" is a free platform for all Parties. So we are glad to print Lord Rothermere's hopes and fears about the election. We refer to his proposals in a leading article on page 17.

TWO tremendous changes have transformed the whole political framework of this country within the lifetime of the youngest reader of this article. They are so sweeping that many elderly politicians have failed altogether to grasp their effect, and are living under a set of illusions which the coming General Election will brutally demolish.

The first of these changes is the expansion of the British electorate in the last ten years from 9,000,000 voters to the gigantic figure of 28,000,000. Political power is now more widely distributed in Britain than in any other country.

The consequences of this broadcast distribution of the right to vote must necessarily be enormous. That right used to be restricted to men who had some qualification—as householders or otherwise—which made it likely that they were responsible people, fit to share in the choice of a Government for the country.

To have the franchise was a privilege, and valued as such. Voters in pre-war days read and talked a lot about politics, and were strongly influenced by the spirit of Party loyalty.

Those conditions are gone for ever. Politics have now a precarious hold upon the attention even of the most intelligent people, and of this huge new mass-electorate of 28,000,000 there must inevitably be a very large proportion of ignorant and careless voters, who are liable to be stampeded by freak influences of the moment.

The other dominant fact which has transformed British politics is the swift and constant growth of the Labour Party. In all our history no new political force has ever developed so rapidly. The only counterpart to it is the rise of Socialism in Germany. But German Socialism is balanced by the existence of a powerful agricultural interest.

In Britain we have no such counterpoise. British agriculture as an industry is threatened with extinction. Successive Administrations have left it to its fate. In ten years' time it is quite possible that a few orchards, market-gardens, milk-farms and sheep-runs will be all that this country has to show for what sixty years ago was probably the most flourishing agricultural industry in Europe.

Industrial communities are Socialist in politics, just as naturally as agricultural ones are Conservative; and Britain is becoming the only exclusively industrial nation in the world.

Labour's tide rises

FOR this reason alone, therefore, it is my firm conviction that at the next General Election Labour may head the poll as the strongest Party in the country. The careful and widespread enquiries that I have made all strengthen this conclusion.

How many people realise the fact that at the last General Election, in 1924, despite the damaging effects of the Zinovieff letter and the Campbell case, Labour increased its poll by 25 per cent.—from 4,300,000 to 5,470,000 votes?

This time, with no such fortuitous adverse influences against it, with unemployment increased, and with industries, such as cotton and wool, in a state of serious depression, it must be regarded as inevitable that Labour will see its total poll in the country enlarged in at least the same proportion, which would bring its strength in the electorate up to 6¾ million voters.

Why cannot Stanley and L.G. join hands? This is the essence of Lord Rothermere's message

Such an expansion of the Labour vote would represent no more than its normal growth, yet this by itself is enough to make the prospects of the moderate Parties on election day extremely ominous.

Flappers will vote Labour

BUT the calculation I have just made leaves out of account the 5,245,000 young women to whom votes were given last year by the Flappers' Vote Act.

From the first mention of that ill-timed measure, I predicted, as I continue to predict, that an important majority of these young women will vote for Labour.

Some will do so in a spirit of defiance, but most from sincere conviction; for to the impulsive nature of youth Socialism has a strongly alluring appeal. Even at the young women's colleges at Oxford and Cambridge I am told that 75 per cent. of the students are Socialist in their views.

Many of the new young women electors are no doubt so little interested in politics that they will not trouble to use a vote which has come to them quite unsought.

Let us suppose, however, that 60 per cent. of the new voters—which would be just over three millions—go to the polls, and that three out of five among these vote Labour, leaving the rest to be divided between the two moderate Parties.

This would add 1,800,000 votes to my estimate of 6,750,000 as likely to be cast for Labour by voters on the old register, making an aggregate of 8,550,000. The moderation of this assessment is shown by the fact that it is well below one-third of the total new electorate of 28,000,000.

I believe that it is a fair computation of the support which Labour will find in the country at the coming General Election, and though the moderate Parties between them will doubtless poll many more votes, it is highly unlikely that either of them will obtain an aggregate anything like the total that I expect the Socialists to secure.

This General Election of 1929 is, therefore, one of critical importance in the history of this country.

There are some people who believe that the return of a Socialist Government to power is inevitable. To that I reply that, whatever the future may have in store, it is of vital importance to delay this development until the Socialists show a greater sense of moderation and responsibility than they display at present.

Drop Party shibboleths

IT is, therefore, the plain duty of all sensible and patriotic men and women voters to see to it on election day that the anti-Socialist vote of this country is used to the best possible advantage.

There is no Liberal Party interest, and there is no Conservative Party interest, which is of such vital importance to either of them as is their joint and common interest in keeping the Socialists out. This is a time when Party distinctions should give place to issues of greater moment.

What I strongly urge is that in each constituency all moderate voters should make up their minds which of the two moderate candidates, Liberal or Conservative, has the best chance of defeating the Socialist candidate, and should vote accordingly, making the defeat of the Socialist their sole aim.

The choice of which moderate candidate to vote for is one which will require very careful thought and calculation.

Conditions vary so much between different constituencies that the anti-Socialist voter must judge for himself, on the basis of his local knowledge, whether it is the Conservative or the Liberal that has the best chance of saving the seat from Socialism.

His main principle must be not to waste his vote by giving it to a second-rate moderate candidate who is almost sure to be at the bottom of the poll.

This system may injure personal interests here and there. My contention is that the interests of the country must come first. We are still in the midst of a very grave industrial and economic crisis. The arrival in power of a Socialist Government would make that crisis worse. But unless the moderate forces of the nation combine, a Socialist Government is plainly inevitable.

Your responsibility

THE situation is one which places direct and heavy responsibility upon every one of that great multitude of British voters who are opposed to any violent change in our national government.

It would have been a wise course for their leaders to unite their strength to meet the common danger.

Since they have not done so, the only hope of preventing a Socialist landslide lies with the rank and file. They will go into the fight under different banners, but it is their duty to see that the fewest possible number of their votes is thrown away.

Their motto should be: ***My vote for the candidate who can beat the Socialist!***

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Less "Madden"-ing Interference

A Duke We Like—Talkies Corrupt Talk—Steel Boots for Old Lags

Sir CHARLES MADDEN, G.C.B.,
First Sea Lord

DEAR SIR CHARLES,—You won't stain your hands by picking up the disarmament axe. It's keen and it's clean. And you can use it in the cause of peace and economy without hurting a soul—if you go about it properly.

Pay a little more attention to practical public opinion, and a little less to "Naval Experts." Then we shall make some tangible progress.

You have only got to put the telescope to the eye that isn't blind to see that America is all for disarmament, if we can allay her suspicions.

So avoid letting your pack of know-alls torpedo an Anglo-American navy-limiting agreement a second time.

And if your experts must think and talk of the prospects of war instead of pursuance of peace, tell them from me that the day will never arrive when Britain must rely on tonnage and numbers. Remember Evans of the *Broke!*

JOHN BULL.

VISCOUNT WOLMER, M.P.,
Assistant P.M.G.

DEAR WOLMER,—Really, you are too bad. How did it come about that, three weeks after the Indian air mail forgot the Baghdad mails, you knew nothing about the matter when questioned in the House?

Were you aware that the very 'plane which failed to collect these very important mail-bags found time to stop for the Air Minister in Egypt?

You must pull up your socks.

JOHN BULL.

The DUKE of PORTLAND, K.G.,
Grosvenor Square, London, S.W.

YOUR GRACE,—Isn't it a pity that the general public doesn't know the real reason why you sold the famous Portland Vase?

They can only think that you are enormously rich and that, after leaving the treasured vase in the British Museum *for* so long, it was a shame that you should allow it to go to the auction-room.

They forget that your Grace is also enormously generous, giving away vast sums to charity each year, and that your reason for selling the vase—"owing to the exigencies of the times"—was a modest way of stating that you would rather see it go than curtail your list of beneficiaries.

Anyway, now they will think differently.

JOHN BULL.

Mr W. K. VANDERBILT,
American Millionaire

DEAR SIR,—So you refused £18 change from a cheque because you fear the microbes that lurk in loose cash.

I fear more the loose cash that lurks in microbes.

JOHN BULL.

Lord EUSTACE PERCY,
Minister of Education

MY LORD,—It is difficult to know what can be done about it, but the invasion of this country by "talkie" pictures is an educational problem of more than passing importance.

The speech of the English girl and boy has already been contaminated by the slang of American sub-titles, but this is as nothing compared with the damage that the horrible nasal twang of ill-bred American "stars" will do if constantly and consistently assimilated.

As was pointed out to you in the House, the most timely thing to do is to co-operate with the Board of Film Censors. And also, if I may say so, to encourage home-made "talkies."

JOHN BULL.

Mr. FONTHILL BECKFORD,
Men's Fashion Expert

DEAR SIR,—You alarm me. Has it really come to such a pass? Half-a-dozen men in dinner-jackets at the opening of the Covent Garden opera season, when the order had gone forth for full evening dress!

I am relieved that you did not notice me. I was there, too, and I can't swear that my tie was straight.

Fonty, Fonty! What are things coming to?

JOHN BULL.

Miss ELLEN WILKINSON, M.P.,
John Street, W.C.

DEAR ELLEN,—I have been glancing at your much-boomed serial story, "Clash," and, believe me, for downright snobbery and sloppy thinking it wants a lot of beating.

As a study of Capital and Labour, it would be funny if it were not so pathetic.

No, you are not a Birkenhead in skirts. Stick to politics, Ellen. If you had to make your living by writing you wouldn't grow wealthy.

JOHN BULL.

Lord BYNG,
Chief, Metropolitan Police

DEAR SIR,—You command the finest Police Force in the world. I have just noted another proof of the gallant devotion to duty of your men.

When P.C. Lovejoy, of "A" Division, heard that a man had fallen into the Thames, he immediately tore off his tunic, helmet and boots, and dived in to the rescue.

Despite darkness and tide, he had nearly reached his man when a boat came to the rescue. "It is duty; that is all" was his only comment to the crowds who cheered him.

Lovejoy is a fine policeman, Chief. Pat him on the back!

JOHN BULL.

Sir WALTER SCHRODER,
Islington Coroner

PEEVISH MONITOR,—Provoked by not receiving the desired decisive answers to your questions, you informed a schoolmistress, who was giving evidence before you, that you always had trouble with schoolmasters and schoolmistresses.

You could see now, you added, why children are so badly mannered.

That, sir, was a rude, inaccurate remark; and, moreover, you went out of your way to cast a slur on a great profession.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. FREDERICK C. TOONE,
The Grange, Harrogate

DEAR SIR,—The whole Empire rejoices at the news that the King is to honour you with a knighthood.

No man has striven so hard and earnestly for the cause of cricket. Both as secretary of the Yorkshire C.C., and as manager of the last three touring M.C.C. teams in Australia, you have upheld the best traditions of British sportsmanship.

As Sir Frederick Toone, you will continue to be a shining light and example in the world of the willow and the leather.

JOHN BULL.

Sir WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS,
Home Secretary

DEAR HOME SECRETARY,—I trust that you will deny at once the statement that the British police are interested in the steel boots invented by two German prison officials?

These boots, affixed to the feet of prisoners with a lock that cannot be picked, hold the bones fast, so that walking can only be carried out at a slow, stiff pace. Escape is rendered impossible.

I cannot imagine anything more brutal or un-British in the way of prison gear. There will be no iron-booted convicts in this country, if I have anything to say in the matter.

JOHN BULL.

STRAIGHT *from the* Shoulder

MR. H. G. WELLS: "Patriotism is a comparatively new growth opposed to human federation."

Not quite, Henry. It built the British Empire, the greatest federation of humanity in history.

* * *

SIR WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS: "Never have I prevented any honest, *bona-fide* Russian coming into this country to carry on his commercial duties."

There would be a spot of trouble for you if you did.

* * *

RT. HON. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN: "Do not let us be stampeded into thinking we can win the election by outbidding our opponents."

Is that a confession of incompetence, or supreme faith in De-rating?

The Sentence of the Court

The LYMPHOMANIAC

defends his sacred soil

M. LEON MEYER, Mayor of Havre, presented a disordered picture of Gallic excitability when charged with obstructing the traffic. It was only after being accommodated with a double absinthe and a germ-mask that he was able to plead "*Non coupable.*"

"To criticise so impressive a dignitary as a French mayor may savour of *lese majeste*," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C. "But, even at the risk of deepening the black reputation of 'perfidious Albion,' the accused must be made to realise the seriousness of his comic antics.

"He is one of several minor busybodies who, giving way to a grotesque panic, decreed that visitors from England should not be allowed in French ports unless they had been vaccinated within the last two months.

"But the foolishness of this order was so obvious that the French Minister of Health lost no time in telling the mayors concerned not to behave like giddy garden goats—these were not his precise words, but it is a fair translation of his meaning.

"While the Mayor of Dunkirk bowed to the reprimand and cancelled his warlike preparations for repelling a hypothetical invasion of mythical smallpox patients, the accused was so far advanced in the throes of lymphomania that he ignored the Ministerial rebuke.

"So while English and French health experts were discussing the situation at Calais, he stationed gendarmes to prevent passengers setting foot on the sacred soil of Havre unless they could display vaccination certificates or recently lacerated arms.

"I have no hesitation in asserting that this piece of bureaucratic tomfoolery, resulting in needless obstruction of cross-Channel traffic, calls for a drastic sentence."

* * *

Mr. Strawsplitter said that M. Meyer claimed that he was entitled to protect his fellow-burghers against possible contamination from England. All French citizens were required to submit to vaccination in their first, eleventh and twenty-first years. England's laxity in this matter was a scandal.

"This is not the place to discuss the arguments for and against vaccination," said Mr. Justice Bull. "The plain truth appears to be that the prisoner, having 'got the needle' with his Minister of Health, determined that English visitors should also 'get the needle' on landing.

"But if compulsory vaccination in France is the huge success it is alleged to be, how can French worshippers of the constant lymph be in any danger from smallpox?

"In any case the prisoner's action in attempting to quarantine England because there is smallpox in Bombay is about as logical as it would be to administer brandy to a woman in Wigan because her second-cousin had fainted in Finsbury Park.

"Since it is obvious that his stupidity will prove much more prejudicial to France, which reaps a harvest from cross-Channel tourist traffic, than to us, I direct that the prisoner be handed over to a committee of French hotel-keepers, who can be relied upon to present him with a suitable bill with 10 per cent. added to cover the cost of the disservice he has done them."

Tyranny in the KING'S NAME

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

Lord Birkenhead's plan could cure these evils

Don't let this van knock you down. You might find yourself out of pocket

Mr. J.W. Gordon, K.C., hates cynical abuse of Crown rights

IF I were to start on one of those "What Do You Know?" competitions, I think I could stump you right off with the question "What do you know of the King's Prerogative?"

It sounds a forbidding phrase. It sounds quite remote from everyday life. You would probably reply: "Nothing—and I care less."

Wherein you would be wrong, for although you may know nothing about it, it is very near you in much of your daily life, and it exercises a positive tyranny over us to which we only submit because we are ignorant of its power.

Let me give you one example of the way in which it might affect you or me at any moment.

Supposing that, immediately after reading this, you walk out into the street and are knocked down and badly injured by a van belonging, say, to Odhams Press, Ltd.

You could—and probably would—sue Odhams Press, Ltd., for damages, and if there was no contributory negligence on your part you would get damages.

But suppose the van did not belong to Odhams Press. Suppose instead that it happened to be a Post Office van owned by the Crown—named and marked "G.R.," but actually owned by the country.

You could not sue the Crown. You are not entitled to do so. A subject cannot sue the Crown.

Claims barred

Why, then, cannot you claim against the owners of the Post Office van in the same way that you could claim against the owners of the newspaper van? Just because of the "King's Prerogative."

For the theory of the law is that the King acts through his servants.

The King can do no wrong, therefore the King cannot authorise his servants to do wrong.

Be very careful that you do not owe the Crown any money.

If you do, and you do not pay, you will find yourself very much up against it.

You will bang your head once more up against the Royal Prerogative.

For the Debtors Act of 1869, which, except in one case, abolished imprisonment for debt carefully omitted to deal with Crown debts.

The result is that the Crown can seize the debtor's person, and imprison him, and seize all his estate, real and personal.

If a contractor undertakes to do a job for a private person, or a private firm, and there is any breach of contract, he can, of course, sue his employer.

If it is a Government contract, and the Government fails to carry out its side of the bargain, the contractor is helpless.

He cannot sue the Crown unless the Crown consents to be sued.

Homely realities

Let me take even homelier instances than these.

Suppose you hand over a valuable parcel to Messrs. Carter, Paterson for delivery and they lose it. What would you do?

Sue them, naturally. You would have every right to do so. And, ten to one, you would win and recover damages.

But if you had handed over that same valuable parcel to the Postmaster-General for delivery and he had lost it, you could do nothing.

He has done no wrong.

A case comes to my memory as I write of a man who was summoned by an income-tax collector for not paying up. In court he produced a receipt for his money signed by the collector who had issued the summons.

He had no redress—in fact, he had to pay the cost of the summons that should never have been issued.

Suppose you call to see me, and, owing to my negligence, the steps of my house are in such bad repair that you trip and break your leg, you can if you like sue me for damages.

If you were going to call on Sir William Joynson-Hicks at the Home Office and met with the same accident you could not sue the Home Secretary.

The Divine right of the King's Prerogative forbids you.

So you see this "King's Prerogative" is not a vague shadow that only affects a few people. It may affect the lives of any of us at any moment.

The trouble is that, as time went on, and the old powers that once belonged to kings passed into the hands of the people, a lot of the ancient forms were left, one of them being this form known as the King's Prerogative, which passed into the hands of Government Departments.

And, as in the old Bible parable, there entered into the empty house spirits far more evil than the original occupants, more evil because they are more arbitrary, and because they are more subtle and less easily fought.

The result is that we find men in Government Departments to-day doing in the King's name things they would be heartily ashamed of doing in their own.

As a learned judge once said in a famous case: "The argument on behalf of the Attorney-General claims for a Government Department a superiority to the law which was denied to the King himself in Stuart times."

For years this theory of the Royal Prerogative has been roundly condemned by lawyers and by judges.

Mr. J. W. Gordon, K.C., said not long ago: "The cynical way in which promises of permanent employment are made to induce people to enter the service of the Crown under conditions which subject them to the risk of arbitrary dismissal is notorious."

Revenue Czars

The late Mr. Justice Moulton was equally scathing when dealing with the attempts of the Commissioners of Inland Revenue to obtain information they had no power to require.

"It would be intolerable," he said, "that millions of the public should have to choose between giving information to the Commissioners which they have no right to demand and incurring a severe penalty."

Another famous judge said, with biting contempt: "If Ministerial responsibility were more than a mere shadow of a name the matter would be less important, but as it is, the courts are the only defence against departmental aggression."

It is really amazing, in view of the volume and weight of the protests against this sort of thing, that nothing has been done to remedy the evil.

In most of the Dominions the subject who has been wronged can sue the Crown, if he cares to, as a matter of right.

Why should he not have the same right here?

Everything possible has been done to give any Government alive to its responsibilities a chance to remedy the evil.

A Bill for this purpose was drawn up long ago, printed and pigeonholed. It was prepared by such authorities as Lord Birkenhead, the Lord Chief Justice, several judges and several leading counsel.

It was backed by the Bar Council and the Law Society—but there was no time to secure its passage through the House.

Apply the remedy

We have grown very much used in recent years to seeing the liberty of the subject ignored, flouted, trampled on and derided, but that is no reason for giving up the fight.

The ideal expressed in the phrase, "The King can do no wrong," is the ideal and the practice of our courts of law.

When will it also be the ideal and the practice of those who claim to exercise authority in the King's name?

The remedy has been waiting for Parliament for some years, but Parliament has been too busy curtailing the liberties of the subject to have time for any measure that would enlarge them.

The Human Machine

LIGHT without HEAT

A GENERAL Election is supposed to be a test of political wisdom. Maybe it is—maybe not. It is certainly the test of a man's ability to think for himself as an individual and not merely to shout the loudly voiced "opinions" of the mob.

Because modern politics appeal chiefly to the mob they play most directly upon the passions—and passions and logical thought are as far apart as the poles.

Anyone can shout with the mob. Three hips and a hooray are usually the limits of a mob's mentality.

That's why politicians busily think out high-sounding slogans. They tickle the ear pleasantly, even though they won't bear a moment's analysis; but the astute politician knows that a crowd doesn't analyse.

You don't need to surrender your individuality just because you are one of a big audience.

Argument is the breath of politics—and we are in for a perfect torrent of argument; a good deal of passion and quarrelling, too, no doubt.

Unless, of course, we individually decide to retain our own personalities and our own powers through the turmoil.

We can, and should, listen and think. We can also listen and not think. We can be reasoning human beings or we can be a noisy, illogical mob.

If there is one thing certain in this world it is this—that if you cannot argue without getting heated you are confessing that you cannot think.

What we need to do is to learn to shed plenty of light without producing equally great heat.

The BLUE BIRD on the MOULT

£2,000,000 Petrol Share Revelations

MOST people know the theme of Maurice Maeterlinck's fairy play which tells how a brother and sister set out to find the Blue Bird of Happiness, only to discover, after many adventures, that it could have been found by their own fireside at home.

There are many investors to-day who, having set out to find happiness in the form of profits in a series of Blue Bird flotations, now wish that their money had stayed at home in their pockets.

A more curious set of circumstances can seldom have been known in commercial history. Six companies, each distinguished by the name "Blue Bird," and with a joint authorised capital of something like £2,000,000, are involved.

The directors of the last five of these companies are the same men.

Mr. Francis Lorang, a native of Luxemburg, who now lives at "Englefield," Oxshott, Surrey, has been the master-mind throughout the story.

His co-directors—who seem to have allowed him a remarkably free hand—are Mr. R. B. Trye, of Weybridge; Messrs. J. McClerie and G. Hicheon, of Blackpool, and Mr. S. J. Piejus, of East Horsley.

Their commercial Blue Bird was hatched some years ago by the formation of a company to build a super-garage in King's Road, Chelsea.

This venture, known as the Blue Bird Motor Company, Ltd., ended in voluntary liquidation. Its liquidator was Mr. Francis Lorang.

The hatch

In May, 1924, a second concern was formed, heralded with a flourish of trumpets, and christened the Blue Bird Motor Company (1924), Ltd. With an authorised capital of £175,000, it undertook to carry on the liquidated venture as "a going concern."

The prospectus reproduced a picture of the large garage at Chelsea, then in course of construction, where 300 cars were to be accommodated.

The directors—Lorang and his friends—stated that an annual profit of £68,000 might confidently be expected by the shareholders.

In spite of many delays, this super-garage was completed; and in the early days of the company dividends were paid to shareholders.

Though this company has now existed for over four years, its only available accounts date back to 1925.

In other words, although a concern is required by the Companies Acts to render an annual return and balance-sheet, this company has not done so.

In the dark

Its directors have contented themselves each year with pasting a copy of the 1925 figures over the return of shareholders, so that the public has been left utterly in the dark as to the real position.

Until a few months ago it had only called one real annual meeting. The explanation given by a director was that, having been involved in heavy litigation, "the company was unable to publish balance-sheets since 1925."

Among the assets of the company, as officially recorded, is that palatial Chelsea garage.

Yet these premises have not belonged to the company for many months.

A French banking firm advanced moneys to the Blue Bird Motor Company (1924), Ltd., when the garage was being built, and, in 1926, appear to have taken over the garage.

March, 1927, saw the flotation of a third venture, Blue Bird Oil Importers, Ltd. Launched to take over the "bulk oil business" of the Blue Bird Motor Company (1924), Ltd., it succeeded in raising nearly £200,000 from the investing public.

Until recently it had issued no balance-sheets.

Selling to France

Last summer a meeting of shareholders in the Motor Company and the Oil Importers was held. At this gathering the directors urged those present to authorise them to sell their shares to certain unnamed purchasers in France.

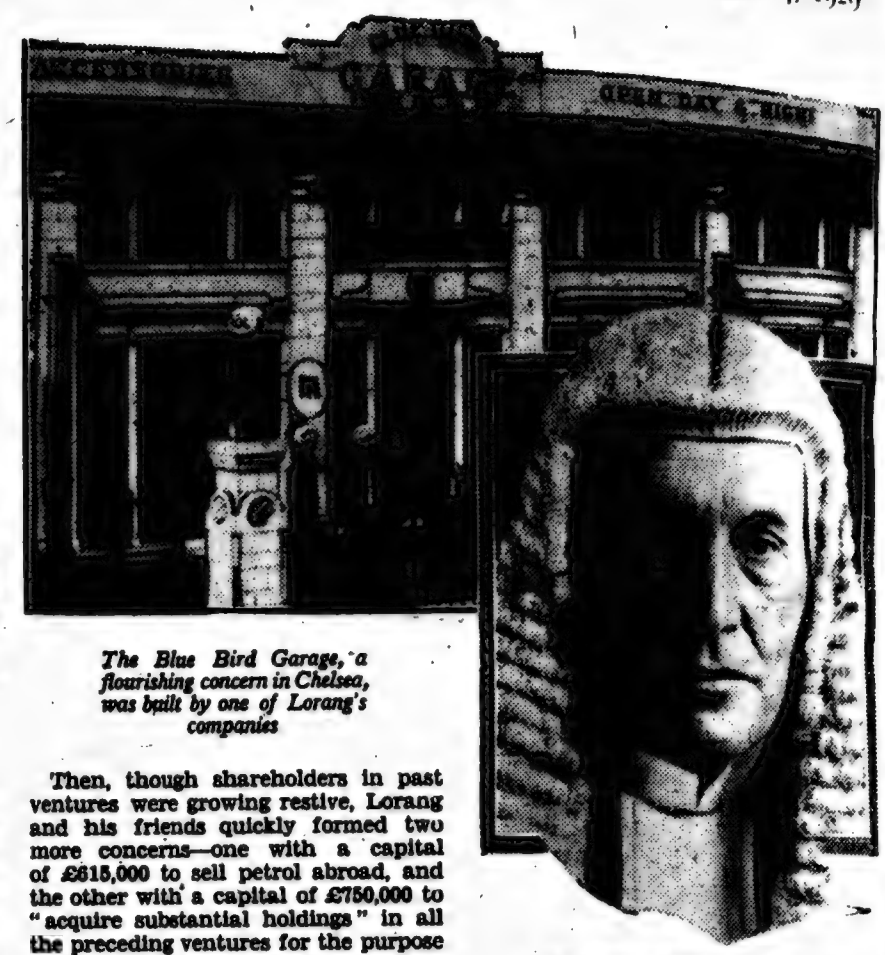
As 75 per cent. agreed to this course, the directors promised that the transaction should be completed not later than October 29, 1928. But some days later shareholders were told that there had been a sudden last-minute hitch.

Mr. Lorang regretted that trouble had arisen in France, but promised that the matter would be completed by December 17.

A succession of such delays, coupled with the lack of essential balance-sheets, certainly did not encourage investors to sink further money in fresh Blue Bird concerns.

But Mr. Lorang and his colleagues, nothing abashed, floated company No. 4—Blue Bird Petrol, Ltd., and went to the public for a further £310,000.

This last concern was to acquire from an earlier venture the right to sell "Blue Bird" petrol on a special scale. A glowing prospectus estimated the first year's profit at £75,000, and the necessary £200,000 was quickly subscribed.



The Blue Bird Garage, a flourishing concern in Chelsea, was built by one of Lorang's companies

Then, though shareholders in past ventures were growing restive, Lorang and his friends quickly formed two more concerns—one with a capital of £615,000 to sell petrol abroad, and the other with a capital of £750,000 to "acquire substantial holdings" in all the preceding ventures for the purpose of "consolidating their interests."

The greatest significance attaches to the date of this final appeal for £750,000.

It was December 17, 1928, the very day on which Mr. Lorang had promised original shareholders that the sale of their shares would be completed.

Tired of delays

Tired of Mr. Lorang's delays, a number of shareholders passed a resolution to lay the whole matter before the Public Prosecutor.

Meanwhile, people who had invested in Blue Bird Petrol, Ltd., began to realise that Mr. Lorang was still following his old procedure of hanging up the accounts.

Determined not to let their company drift into the same unsatisfactory state as past ventures, they petitioned Mr. Justice Romer for a compulsory winding-up.

Mr. Justice Romer was sarcastic about these Blue Birds

Faced with compulsory liquidation, Mr. Lorang has had no alternative but to issue a report.

Its figures show clearly enough why he was not eager to issue it before. In six short months practically the whole of the £238,698 subscribed has been expended.

More than half this huge sum has been paid over to earlier Blue Bird companies—with Lorang and his friends as directors. "Preliminary expenses" and so on have made such a hole in the rest, that only a miserable £697 remains in hand.

Caustic auditors

£80,000 was paid for a secret "process" for treating petrol, the value of which has yet to be proved.

Here are some interesting comments made by the auditors themselves:

"The payment in respect of process, pump installations and petrol were made either by banker's drafts, bearer or cash cheques, and receipts for these sums have been submitted to us signed by the directors and secretaries of the associated companies, who are also the directors of this company.

"We have been informed by the directors that these amounts, or some of them, have not actually been received by the respective companies, but have been disbursed under authority from such companies to other parties for various considerations."

Who had the money?

Does it not imply that, though the auditors have been shown receipts from other companies for large sums, the names of the actual recipients of the money have not been revealed?

If this is the true position relating to the only Blue Bird company upon which official pressure has been brought to bear, what of the others?

Matters are not helped by the fact that Mr. Lorang appears to be gaining notoriety all round.

Only a few days ago the Lancegaye Safety Glass Company obtained judgment against him for £10,234 and costs in connection with an underwriting contract he had not fulfilled.

So, all things considered, Mr. Lorang from Luxemburg must be feeling a very "Blue" Bird indeed.

He'll soon be a married man

JOHN BULL is Best Man

ONCE more our great £500 Crossword Prize has been won outright by a single competitor.

He is Mr. Frederick Charles Odling, of 138, Denmark Road, Heeley, a busy, industrial suburb of Sheffield.

Mr. Odling first heard of his success on returning home from work.

"Competitions are my hobby," he told a JOHN BULL representative; "in fact, my friends all call me competition mad.

"I have been a JOHN BULL reader for fourteen years now, and I have tried for practically every Bullets competition—but without any luck.

"Directly the Crosswords came along, however, my luck changed. In the first I had only two mistakes, and I wasn't so far out in the succeeding six."

At present Mr. Odling, who is twenty-nine years old, is a bachelor, and the mainstay of his home, which he shares with his mother and grandmother.

His father died twelve years ago; and two younger brothers, one a cripple and the other who has long been out of work, are dependent on him for their living.

But we do not think he will remain a bachelor very long now.

"This great JOHN BULL win will mean wedding-bells for us," his fiancée told our representative.

"I have often told him that he would never win anything at competitions," she added. "But nothing I said could discourage him. How glad I am that it didn't!"

"JOHN BULL's cheque will be a god-send to us all," said Mr. Odling. "It will enable me to do so much that I have longed to do in my dreams."

SNAP THIS UP!

Next week JOHN BULL readers will be given another opportunity of securing a "J.B. Ensign" Camera free, not only for themselves, but for a friend as well.

This is, we believe, the most generous offer ever made by a paper to its readers.

The holidays are coming on and if you would like one of these magnificent gifts, find that friend now.

Take our word for it—these Cameras will be snapped up quickly!

Here's John Stevenson, Secretary of the Incorporated Society of Auctioneers, and deadly enemy of the sale-fakir

Audacious FURNITURE AUCTION *Exposed*

A spell-binder with a passion for parrots

"Christies"—Mecca of auctioneers, whose profession "rigged-sale" sharks disgrace

A FEW weeks ago the pleasant town of Oxted, in Surrey, was plastered with posters announcing a large sale of furniture to take place within a few days at a house in the neighbourhood.

Simultaneously an advertisement appeared in a local newspaper, calling attention to the sale. It was headed:

"Mr. Stanley K. Rogers,
Auctioneer,
West Hill House,
West Hill, Oxted, Surrey.
By order of the owner going abroad."

In flamboyant language this advertisement went on to enumerate the rich and rare contents of the residence.

They included valuable pictures "by or attributed to" such well-known artists as Gainsborough, G. Morland, Birket Foster, David Cox (and many others), Queen Anne furniture, Chinese lacquer, Persian carpets—in short, all the gems which one would expect to find in the home of a wealthy collector.

One-room offices

We were rather curious concerning "Mr. Rogers," and the results of our enquiries made us still more interested in his sale.

First, we found that the address given on the advertisement—namely, St. Mary's Chambers, Strand, W.C.—consisted of one room rented for three weeks.

Next, we learned that he was not known as a member of any professional auctioneers' association, nor did his name appear in the London Telephone Directory.

Furthermore, we discovered that the house at Oxted where the sale was to occur had been rented only for six weeks.

Its owner, a most reputable gentleman, was unaware of the purpose for which it was to be used.

It had stood empty for eighteen months until a few weeks before the sale, when a constant procession of furniture vans arrived at its doors.

West Hill House is a large mansion standing in its own grounds. "Mr. Rogers'" hustling workmen had crammed it from cellar to roof with furniture, catalogued as nearly a thousand lots.

Artful

On the day of the sale the grounds were thronged with buyers drawn there by the bait of the artful advertisement.

Amongst the crowd moved individuals ostentatiously praising the various lots to each other.

Singling out those who seemed interested in any particular lot, they would announce themselves as dealers "in the know," and offer to bid for a small commission.

We awaited the arrival of the auctioneer with interest.

When he mounted a table in a downstairs room we were not surprised to recognise "Mr. Rogers" as a very old hand at the "rigged sale" game, known as T. E. Hopkins.

In fact, a few weeks earlier we had seen him at a Bond Street auction-rooms buying an inlaid grand piano for twenty-eight guineas.

He now proceeded to sell this at Oxted, as the property of an "owner going abroad," for forty-five guineas.

Faked emotion

He dwelt lovingly on the beauties of the instrument and mentioned that its original cost had been nearly £400. His emotion at parting with it for the "ridiculous sacrifice" of forty-five guineas would have done credit to the legitimate stage.

Bland, fat and bespectacled, he stood there on his rostrum, and, ably seconded by his employees among the crowd, handled the excited bidders like a master showman.

His grief on behalf of the unfortunate owner at knocking down a reputed Sir Joshua Reynolds at five guineas was worth going a long way to see.

But apart from these little histrionic interludes the sale went with the swing of a well-drilled revue. Everything was beautifully organised; the atmosphere was perfect.

One bedroom, for example, bore all the signs of continual daily use. On the dressing-table lay a lady's powder-box nearly empty, while grains of powder had been artfully scattered over its surface.

Actually, this dressing-table had been removed from an East-End shop only forty-eight hours previously.

For three days the procession of the eager bidders marshalled by Mr. Hopkins and his accomplices moved from room to room.

For three days the hammer briskly rose and fell, and when the last lot had been sold the "owner going abroad" had over £2,600 to take with him.

At a conservative estimate the net profit to Mr. Hopkins is at least half this sum. This amount he possibly considers a paltry reward; since one sale which he engineered realised £3,500 profit in the six weeks of its preparation and progress.

Passion for Polly

Besides a tender affection for anybody who likes to pick up a nice cheap bit of furniture at an auction sale, Mr. Hopkins has a strange passion for parrots.

In the "trade" he is known as "Polly" Hopkins. Between sales he goes back to his pets, and leaves them only to conduct new ventures.

From the records in our possession he has parted from them about thirty times in the past three years. But each time there has also been a considerable deal of "parting" done by other people.

Hopkins specialises in arranging sales at country houses and in the wealthier suburbs, though occasionally he chooses London as the scene of his performance.

A few years ago he actually rented a house off Park Lane, and there carried through a very profitable deal.

Though Hopkins wields the hammer and is the directing spirit behind these enterprises, he prints an alias on the catalogue and advertisements in nearly every case. Rodgers, Rogers, Clifford, Hart are only a few of his fake names.

In each case, too, his "office" is merely an accommodation address. We have a list of fifteen which he has been using lately.

Hopkins took out his first auctioneer's licence in 1921. Ever since he has persistently flouted the law and defrauded the public by flagrant misrepresentation without the least hindrance or inconvenience.

Home Office murder

Lord Gorell recently introduced a Bill in the House of Lords specially designed to end the activities of such bogus auctioneers. It was killed by Home Office authorities, who declared that police powers were already sufficient to deal with these rogues.

The only difficulty in the way of rounding up all the Hopkins in the country lay in the fact that members of the public would not come forward and admit in the witness-box that they had been defrauded.

Why can the police enter a bogus night-club to obtain evidence for a prosecution and yet be unable to enter an auction-room where the public is being blatantly defrauded?

The obvious remedy for this scandal is to follow the Dominions' lead and prevent any man from obtaining an auctioneer's licence who cannot produce satisfactory evidence of probity and standing.

In addition, the power to grant these licences should be vested in an auctioneers' professional association, which, jealous of the good name of its calling, would soon end the prosperity of Hopkins and his kind.

DR. WRIGHT *is all Wrong*

A MIDDLE-AGED gentleman drove up to a Berwick garage the other day and left his saloon car to be overhauled.

He introduced himself as Doctor Robert Wright, of 29, Gordon Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and explained that he was on his way home from visiting his father, the resident surgeon at the Glasgow and Western Infirmary.

Now he was called back by the dangerous illness of a patient, and his car could not have broken down at a more awkward moment.

In his hasty departure, too, he had come away with little ready money, so if the proprietor could cash a cheque he would be greatly obliged.

* * *

The proprietor, having the saloon car as security, was happy to oblige. So the doctor promptly made out a cheque and, pocketing the cash, hurried away to resume his urgent journey by train.

The car he had left behind was overhauled, but the doctor did not come back to claim it. His cheque did reappear, however—marked "R.D." by the bank.

Enquiries showed that the Newcastle address given by the doctor was fictitious, and although the doctor had certainly paid a visit to Glasgow, he had not stayed at any medical institution and was unknown in the city.

* * *

He had, however, distinguished himself by sauntering up to a public car-park and driving off with a saloon car.

This was the car he abandoned at the Berwick garage.

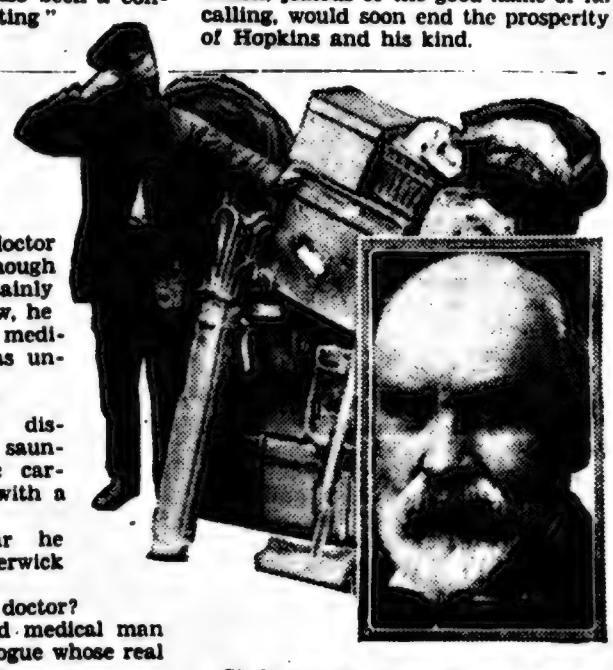
Who is this dubious doctor?

He is not a qualified medical man at all, but a versatile rogue whose real name is Percival Baker.

An adept at "lifting" cars from parking-places, he has sold many vehicles so obtained at "bargain prices."

In the art of planting worthless cheques he is also expert; and he is not above haunting railway stations during busy periods and helping himself to luggage.

Baker invariably times his cheque coups to coincide with the closing of the local banks.



Sir Donald MacAlister, President of the Central Medical Council, which has disowned "Doctor" Wright utterly. But the "Doctor" loves to operate on a pile of luggage like this one

As his present whereabouts is a mystery, we warn shopkeepers, motorists, car-park officials and station police to keep an eye open for this flying physician, who likes to feel purses rather than pulses.

Alien Assassin Threatens the Police

SIX prominent London police-officers go about their duties in fear for their lives. Each day they may be shot down by the bullet of a criminal who was lately deported from England to his native France.

He has sworn vengeance on them for tracking his crimes and causing his expulsion from Britain.

These men know that by the simple expedient of buying a day excursion ticket at Boulogne they can land at Folkestone without a passport, and take the first train to London.

Could any more destructive comment be made on our idiotic passport regulations?

This would-be murderer is only one of many recent deportees who are sneaking, or who plan to sneak, back to Britain.

Several undesirables, white-slavers, dope-traffickers and the rest, who were expelled when, with a flourish of trumpets, Lord Byng "cleaned up" London, have recently oozed across the Channel and returned to their old London haunts.

A closing net

We do not publish their names, because by so doing we should put them on their guard against the police net which is closing round. Soon they will once more be arrested, sentenced, and again deported.

But—within a few months of their release—they will be back with us, unless meantime the passport regulations are revised.

Casimer Michaeletti is the man who has vowed death to the London detectives.

On his way to the coast for deportation he boasted to his police escort, "Before many weeks I shall be back. And then I will kill the men who sent me away."

He came to this country shortly after the war, and he has lived by crime ever since.

Always well armed, he is a bully of the worst type. So villainous were his methods that he soon became known in the underworld of London and provincial cities as "Michaeletti the Assassin."

Lord Byng should endeavour to find out how he first got into England, for we are able to state that the French criminal records show that, just prior to his arrival here, Michaeletti had been concerned, with three other apaches, in the shooting of a man at Algiers.

This alone should have kept him out—but it didn't.

Shortly after he settled down in London he became known to Scotland Yard as the head of a sinister band of white-slavers.

Women leeches

Although Michaeletti at first kept well behind the scenes, he engineered the entry into Britain of a number of alien women who, under his direction, compromised wealthy men, and then wrung blackmail from them.

The Vine Street police first heard of Michaeletti in connection with the murder of a worthless French music-hall artiste named Martial Lechevalier in Air Street some years ago, following a quarrel over a young Frenchwoman.

Although several alien ne'er-do-wells were suspected of being connected with this man's death, the police never arrested the murderer.

Michaeletti went on to control houses of ill-fame. He brought women over from the Continent to frequent them, lived upon their immoral earnings, and financed drinking and gaming dens.

The police knew that many of the West End razor-slashing feuds arose through his influence, but they could never find evidence to convict him.

Killed in a club

He nearly fell into their hands after savagely assaulting a woman member of his gang, following a dispute over money; but he so intimidated her that she was afraid to tell the truth.

The police tried hard to jail Michaeletti in 1926, when an Italian named Balada was killed at a gambling club in Soho. The murderer was a Frenchman named Berthier, who was likewise concerned with the white-slave traffic.

The true facts of this murder, which have never been published, are that Michaeletti was closely associated at that time with Balada in the control of two West End flats, and had been blackmailing Berthier in connection with the latter's criminal career.

Berthier, in terror, went to Balada's club one night determined to shoot Michaeletti. Balada interfered and was killed instead.

At his trial Berthier declared that Michaeletti had extorted at least £1,500 by menaces.

Jean Castaner, the cultured bully who posed as a ballet dancer

"I know that Michaeletti intended to kill me because I cannot give him any more money," Berthier's statement ran. "He has had £1,500, and yet he still demands more."

In the witness-box, Michaeletti was closely questioned, but smilingly denied the story.

So the police were unable to end his reign of terror, which continued uninterruptedly until a few days ago.

Then, armed with a peremptory deportation order, five detectives went in a lorry to an address off Lisle Street, Leicester Square, and arrested the "Assassin of Soho."

All the way to Dover he fought violently and, as previously stated, threatened the lives of several of the officers concerned. No money in the world could keep him out of England, he boasted.

Here is Emile Berthier (left), who hated Michaeletti and murdered Balada. (right) Martial Lechevalier

Born blackguard

Michaeletti's chief associate during recent years has been a young Spanish dancer named Jean Antoine Castaner, who came to England during the war.

This man has been associated with more than one famous *prima ballerina*, and he might have gone far had he chosen to keep to dancing.

A born blackguard, however, he became involved with Michaeletti's white-slave gang.

It would be illuminating to know how Castaner ever got into this country, for he had been expelled from France after various convictions.

In England his position in the dancing world greatly aided his operations, and though he became one of the cleverest traffickers at work, the police could not curb him.

Even when he was arrested and charged with a grave offence against a young woman he wriggled out.

Castaner lived on the immoral earnings of women, and from a number of flats he ran in the Maida Vale district, to which foolish but wealthy men were inveigled. Castaner even boasted that men of Royal blood attended his haunts.

He also played a great part in providing temporary English "husbands" for Frenchwomen of loose character to enable them to evade our deportation laws.

Like Michaeletti, this rogue was recently run to earth and sent back to Spain, but his friends are confident it will not be long before he returns.

Drastic measures

Our port administration must be drastically overhauled. Passports must be rendered as difficult to forge as banknotes.

We suggest that no photograph should be affixed until the credentials of the owner have been fully verified, and that it should then be officially marked in such a manner as to render duplication impossible.

The issue of day tickets admitting aliens to Britain without passports must cease.

Until this problem is solved the alien menace will continue, and "peremptory deportation" may mean nothing more dreadful to hardened rogues than a double Channel crossing.

An "exemplary character"

Why is He PENALISED?

FOR nearly two years Joseph Arthur Arnott, of Withernsea, has been under a cloud. He is only twenty-three, and he joined the Boston Borough Police Force in January, 1927.

He served with the Boston police until August, 1928, when he decided to resign and join the East Riding Constabulary.

On leaving the Boston police he was given a reference testifying to his "exemplary character."

But when he offered his services to his County Police Force, he was astounded to learn that his application could not be entertained.

He next tried to join the Norwich County Constabulary. Within a few days the Chief Constable replied:

"I have been in communication with the Chief Constable of Boston, and in view of the information which he has given, I regret that I am unable to entertain your application."

* * *

At a loss for an explanation, Mr. Arnott wrote to his former Chief, who again commended his character.

He approached the local Watch Committee for an explanation.

The only answer he received was "regrets" that the committee could not interfere in the Chief Constable's correspondence with other police authorities.

Not satisfied that he had received adequate explanation, he now placed the facts before the Home Secretary.

The Home Office told him that his rejection was merely due to ordinary rules of competition, as he did not stand sufficiently high among the list of candidates to justify selection.

So Mr. Arnott applied to other police forces, but in each case he was immediately turned down. When he asked one City Force the reason, the Chief Constable refused to give any explanation. All his continued efforts having come to nought, he again reported his experiences to the Home Office.

Deputy Chief-Constable Hopkins, of Gloucester, would not employ him

His letter was ignored.

Determined to probe the mystery, he next enlisted the aid of his M.P., Mr. Servington Savery.

His applications for posts are continually turned down "owing to information received."

In August, 1928, he applied to the Gloucestershire County Force, at the other end of the country.

He was successful in passing the doctor and a written examination. But a week later he received the usual note that, after reference had been made to his former Chief Constable, his application could not be considered.

* * *

We have before us a sheaf of references which testify to this man's excellent character and qualifications.

Arnott has the making of a first-class police officer. Why should inexperience penalise him in this manner?

THE CARDS ON THE TABLE—WHO HOLDS THE ACE?

PERFORMANCE —*not* PIECRUST

by SIR LAMING WORTHINGTON-EVANS,

Secretary for War in Mr. Baldwin's Government

THE people of this country will be asked this month to make a choice between two diametrically opposed policies—and a personality.

They will be asked by one Party to commit themselves and their destinies to a Socialist Government, which promises to create a new Utopia by putting into practice a theory which, wherever it has been tried, has proved an abject failure.

The other alternative to the present Government is an Administration of which Mr Lloyd George would be the head—indeed, not the head alone, but, if one may say so without appearing to impute anything sinister, also the tail.

Mr. Lloyd George, together with such portion of the Liberal Party as can bring itself to row in the same direction, appeals to the electorate on the slogan, "We Can Conquer Unemployment," and he has bound up his prescription in a little yellow book.

* * *

This book contains a pledge to abolish unemployment within a year, free of cost to the taxpayer, a reckless pledge which is not supported by men like Lord Grey, Mr Runciman, and the most responsible statesmen in the Liberal Party.

The election policy of the Conservative Party can be expressed in a few words. The Party goes to the country not on the basis of glittering promises, but of solid performance.

We offer nothing sensational, because we know that sensational offers cannot be fulfilled.

What we offer is a steady policy of continuing the good work which we have begun

We believe that the only final cure for unemployment is better trade. We are steadily improving our trade prospects, first by cultivating and cherishing the new spirit of good will between employers and employed, for which the nation has to thank the Prime Minister personally.

We are safeguarding, and shall continue to safeguard, those industries whose prosperity has been undermined by unfair competition from abroad.

* * *

We are removing from agriculture and industry one of the greatest burdens which it has been called upon to bear, that of local rates, whose incidence was worst when trade was worst.

Our De-rating Act is not a showy or sensational measure. It is necessarily a very complicated one. But I have no hesitation in saying that, judged by what it will achieve for agriculture and industry, it is one of the greatest measures ever put on the Statute Book.

In many other ways, unsensational but not the less effective, we are fighting unemployment.

We are extending the markets for our manufactures in the Dominions, in the Colonies, and in foreign countries.

Nor has this problem of trade improvement occupied us to the exclusion of other measures for the welfare of the people.

Mr. Lloyd George promises a Homes for Heroes." It was Mr. Baldwin's Government that built them.

It was Mr. Baldwin's Government that passed the Act under which over 200,000 widows are now drawing pensions, over 220,000 children's allowances are being paid, while nearly 500,000 persons between sixty-five and seventy are receiving old-age pensions.

It was Mr. Baldwin's Government that showed its faith in the people by putting the two sexes upon complete electoral equality.

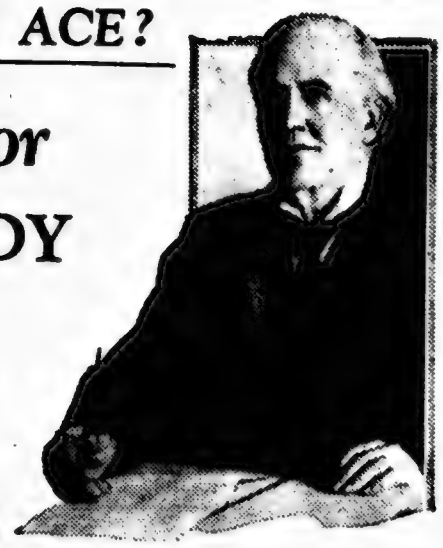
Those who can be misled by flashy promises and specious arguments will perhaps not vote for the return of the present Government.

But the great majority of people in this country know by reason and by instinct that the right policy for Britain to-day is a policy of steadiness, safety and stability, and that the Conservative Party is the one Party in the State which stands for this policy.

IDEALS *for* EVERYBODY

by LORD PARMOOR,

who leads the Labour Party in the House of Lords



THE Labour Party stands for peace and justice in all human relationships, whether between nations or individuals.

The Party holds it essential to refer all matters of international dispute which cannot be settled by conciliation either to the International Court or to third-party arbitration.

This was the policy expressed in the Geneva Protocol of 1924.

In home affairs the Labour Party holds that peace and justice cannot be assured under modern conditions, unless there is a large measure of State supervision and control, and unless it is recognised that tolerable conditions of family and home life are a first charge on industrial production.

Confident of itself, and strong in the support of the workers of the nation, Labour has no need for violence, which is the weapon of the weak.

It will carry its programme to completion by peaceful means, without disorder or confusion, with the consent of the majority of the electors and by the use of the ordinary machinery of democratic government.

Points from Labour's Programme

Since it has set the example of working out, in practical detail, the social and international reconstruction which it proposes, the character of its programme is generally known, and we briefly recapitulate the fundamental principles upon which it rests.

These are the protection against exploitation of the worker and the consumer; the increase of national wealth by the application of the possibilities revealed by the progress of scientific knowledge; the utilisation for the public benefit of the surplus wealth which to-day too often enriches and degrades a small minority of the population; and the systematic pursuit of a policy of peace and co-operation in international affairs.

"A vote for Liberalism is a vote for practical reform" . . .

HOW TO CONQUER UNEMPLOYMENT

By the Right Hon. D. LLOYD GEORGE

THERE is only one issue of supreme interest to the nation to-day. All others, however important, take second place.

That issue is the problem of Unployment.

Ever since our armies came back from France the problem has been with us. In the summer of 1921 the unemployed numbered over 2½ millions. Energetic measures were put in hand to deal with them, so that when I laid down office in October, 1922, the number had been reduced by more than a million. But ever since it has remained almost uninterruptedly at a figure exceeding a million, and was greater by 25,000 last October than it was six years before.

The cure of this evil is a practical problem of a kind which Liberalism has always proved the party to handle. Liberals are tied neither to a policy of inaction and stagnation like Conservatives, nor to abstract theories of revolution like Socialists. They are the Party which deals with facts as they are and taxes the straight and efficient road to real reform.

Methods by which unemployment can be treated were worked out and placed on the Statute Book by a Liberal Government twenty years ago. I was responsible, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, for the Development and Road Improvement Fund Act of 1909, which made possible great programmes of national development and reconstruction that could be carried out whenever trade depression left a surplus of men and women out of regular work.

Even before the War the statesmenship of the Liberal Government reduced unemployment to a very low ebb. The programmes of trunk road development and Trade Facilities introduced after the War effected an immense reduction in the numbers of the workless. A bold and energetic handling of the problem to-day on Liberal lines would transfigure the situation in the course of a few months.

Although the Liberal Party has had no opportunity in recent years to put its policy into force, it has been far from idle. Searching investigations have been made into our great national problems. Some of the ablest and most expert brains in the country have contributed to the framing of practical proposals to deal with agriculture, and with housing, with the coal mines and electrical development, with the whole system of British industrial relations and national finance.

The pledge and programme to conquer unemployment is no vague pipe-dream or mere flight of fancy.

The Liberal Party is not fettered by theories but is animated by ideals. It seeks to establish and maintain peace among the nations of the world and among all classes of the community. It seeks to secure for every individual the fullest possible personal liberty—liberty of conscience, political liberty. Liberalism has stood always for a fair and equal chance for the under-dog and for kindlier conditions for the children of the poor. Education, child welfare, old-age pensions, insurance against sickness and unemployment, prevention of sweating and the legalisation of trade unions are among its gifts to the people.

Now, in the face of a new national emergency, it steps forward to offer, neither a stale phrase of Carl Marx nor a slow yawn of tranquillity, but an energetic programme, tested and confirmed by the highest expert opinion, which will cleanse the slums of our cities and open broad avenues into the countryside; which will drain the swamp and reclaim the waste; which will equip our land for new prosperity and establish our industry on a firm footing; and will, first of all, sweep away our unemployment. A vote for Liberalism is a vote for practical reform and better conditions.

Our Secret £500 BALLOT

Here are the programmes on which the three Parties will fight the Election.

Read them. Then turn to page 32, and vote for whichever convinces you as the right one, in JOHN BULL'S £500 free-entry Election Ballot.

We offer you £500 for your vote—a better bargain than any politician's pre-election pledge.

And Don't miss the startling preliminary figures on page 24.

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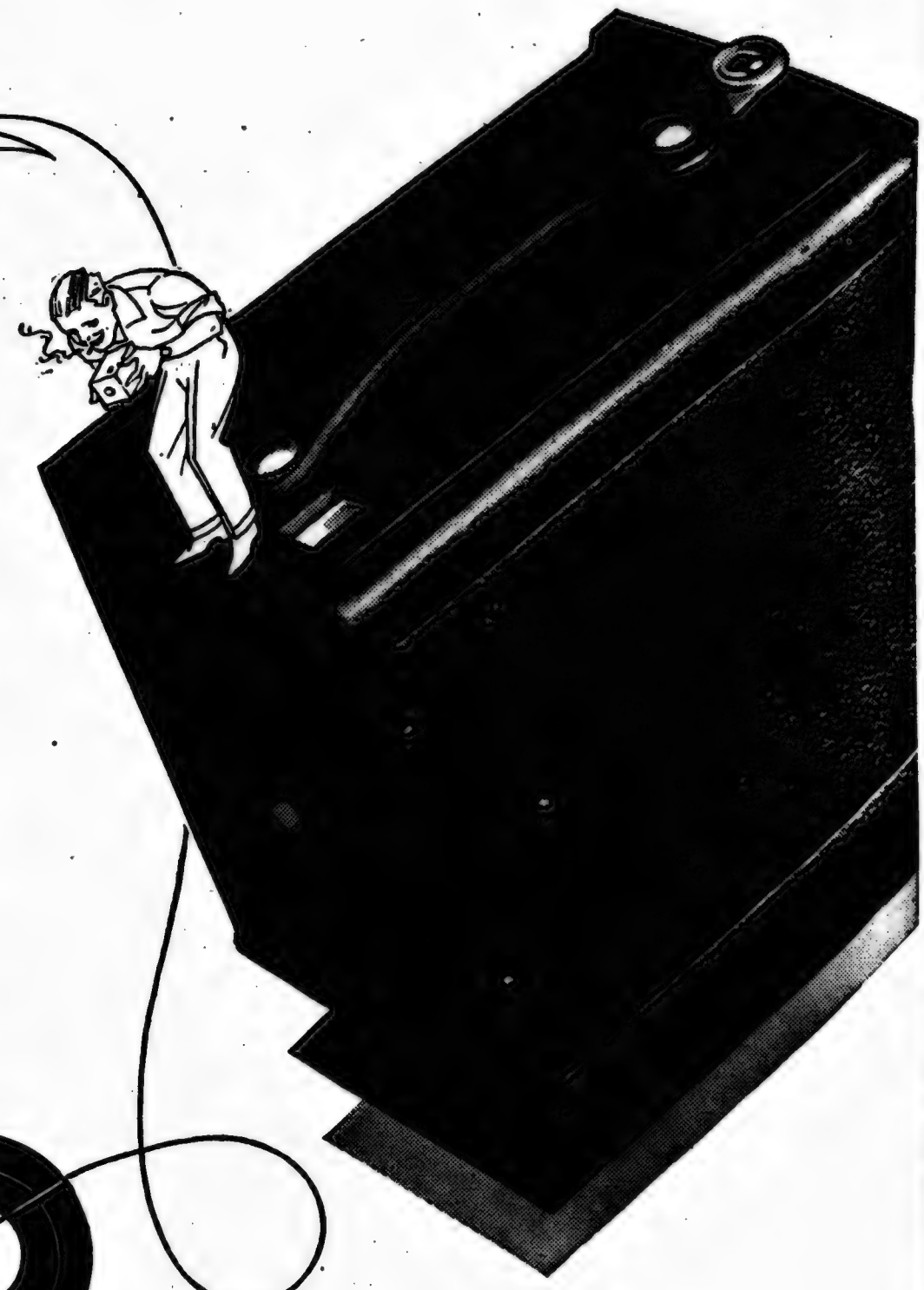

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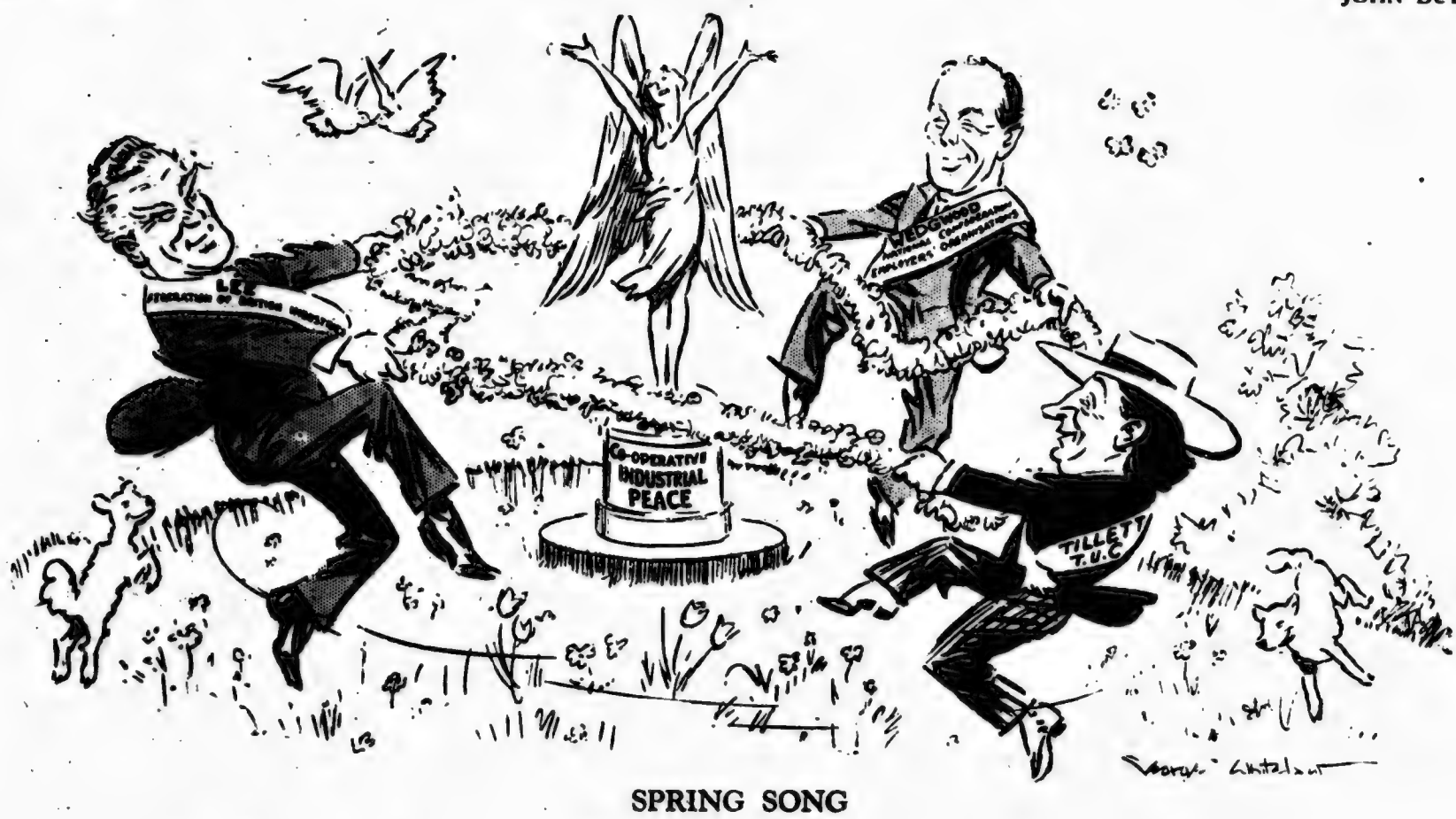


SPRING SONG

LORD ROTHERMERE forgets the Real Danger

Without Fear or Favour
by the Editor

THE article by Lord Rothermere on page 9 is one not to be lightly skipped over. It deserves every reader's careful consideration.

The principle he seeks to introduce at the election is one which must be pondered by all who take their politics seriously.

When he says "Party distinctions should give place to issues of greater moment," however, he rends to tatters in one phrase the whole of his argument, which is that it doesn't matter whether Liberal or Conservative gets in so long as the Socialist is kept out.

What is that argument if it is not an appeal to Party distinction?

The principle of a two-Party pact to keep out a third is not in keeping with the ideas of fair play, that should govern politics as they govern sport.

The issues are too great to be played with, and the country's condition too grave for the election to be fought in an atmosphere of artificial passion.

We may not all be enamoured of the idea of a Labour majority, but we are certainly not in love with attempting to stifle an explosion by the dangerous expedient of sitting on the safety-valve.

We hope the country will vote from real conviction and not from prejudice. Only if it does that will it return a Government, of whatever colour, that really represents it.

If the electorate does not want Socialism it must vote not simply against the Labour candidate, but quite definitely for the Liberal or the Conservative. And it must so vote because it believes rationally and sincerely in what it is voting for.

OTHERWISE there will be yet another demonstration of the old saying that we get the Government we deserve.

What Lord Rothermere might well have urged was a change in our unfair electoral system whereby an increase in a Party's votes by no means ensures an increase of seats, and where it is always possible to have a majority Government elected on a minority vote.

How unfairly the present single-ballot system may operate was never better illustrated than in the last election.

In 1924 the Conservatives polled 8,500,000 votes, and won over 400 seats. Labour and Liberal together polled over 9,000,000 votes, and won less than 200 seats between them.

It is possible that this fluke of the polls may swing to the other extreme in the coming election. Since there is very little likelihood of Labour having a majority of seats, Lord Rothermere would obviously be better employed using his tremendous influence in pressing for proportional representation.

In such a campaign he would have the support of leading men in all Parties.

The minority vote is the real danger to representative government, and until we overhaul the electoral machinery it will continue to hang over us.

* * *

War is Business

ANYONE who has any delusions left about the war should take note of a very remarkable statement made by Mr. Churchill a few days ago.

It is not the fact that we have paid £246,600,000 to America while we have received only £33,700,000 from Europe that makes his statement noteworthy. It is something much more startling and cynical than the question of war debts.

The charge for transporting British troops on French railways, he said, was £25,500,000. We therefore paid £17,500,000 to the French railways, and, by special arrangement, set off the other £8,000,000 against the French war debt to this country.

It has never been claimed that we entered the war to defend England. We have always been told that we went into it to help France and Belgium.

And the moral seems to be that for the private soldier who is forced to do the dying, patriotism is simply and solely patriotism. For other people patriotism is, as usual, business.

But it is something to learn that France required no payment for the land where the British war graves are established. We must be grateful.

The Golden Glimpse

IT may well be, as some not altogether disinterested parties have said, that in industrial matters the word "co-operation" has become as blessed as "Mesopotamia" once was.

There is, of course, always a danger of being lulled to inactivity by a soothing phrase and of coming to regard a slogan as the accomplished fact.

But, despite all such thoughts, we cannot regard as anything but historic the agreement of seventy-three representatives of Capital and Labour to form a committee to examine the best methods of co-operation in industry.

No one can pretend that the representatives were not representative. They were, in every sense of the word, for they comprised the Federation of British Industries, the National Confederation of Employers' Organisations, and the General Council of the Trade Union Congress.

The unofficial efforts towards co-operation of Lord Melchett and Mr. Ben Turner, which began a year ago and were laughed at and sneered at, have become an official movement to secure peace in industry on a definite and assured basis.

NOTHING comparable in importance has occurred since the general strike. Nothing has ever occurred in the history of British industry that gives greater hope for a prosperous future.

It is not long since the warring groups agreed to differ. Now they have, not even excepting Mr. A. J. Cook, agreed to agree.

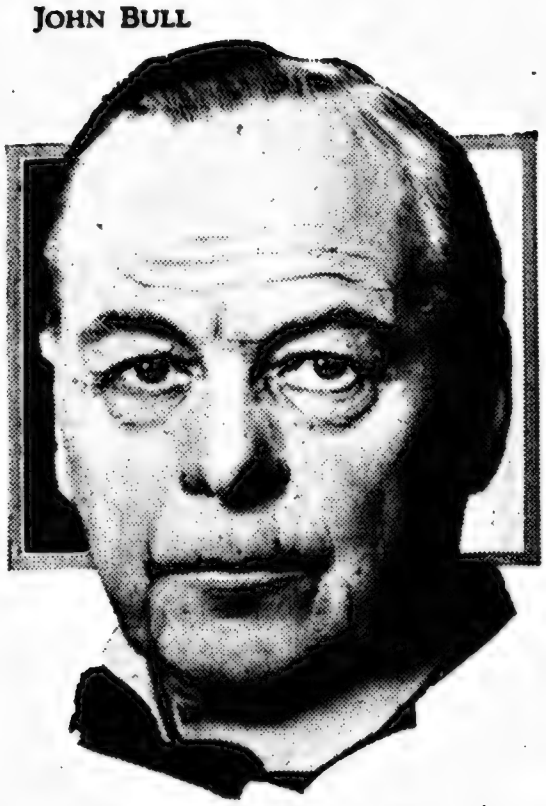
There are still a few obstructionists to be found on either side, but they are a contemptible and ineffectual minority.

They can be ignored by industry's saner elements represented in the Melchett-Turner deliberations.

Neither we nor anyone else can predict the size of the sturdy oak that will in the end grow out of that acorn.

But the country can now feel that at long last a little sanity has entered into the conduct of its affairs.

Grim Roll of Un



"Jix" declares that unsolved murder mysteries are "diminishing almost to vanishing point"

THE Home Office has just issued an official report to the effect that the number of unsolved murder mysteries in Great Britain is "diminishing almost to vanishing-point."

This would be most encouraging if it were true, but a careful study of the real facts does not allow us to share in this official optimism.

The public need not be reminded of the many sensational crimes that have been committed in recent times, such as the case of Vivian Messiter, found dead in a Southampton garage, or that of Edward Creed, brutally murdered in a Bayswater shop.

As a matter of fact, there were forty murders in 1927 alone to which no satisfactory solution was ever found.

Yet these are all cases in which definite verdicts of murder have been returned. And we must remember that every year very many mysterious deaths are allowed to pass into oblivion after "open verdicts" have been returned at coroners' inquests.

Nothing could be more unsatisfactory than these "open verdicts." They are a confession of police failure and legal futility. In a large number of such cases murder lies behind them.

All sinister tragedies

Many examples may be cited—all sinister tragedies.

In October, 1927, William Charles Bignell, an able-bodied seaman, was discharged from H.M.S. *Dolphin*, then stationed at Portsmouth.

He had already written to his mother at Forest Hill, London, to tell her that he was coming home, and when he did not arrive she went to the police and reported him as missing.

A day or so later his body was found under a bush on Addiscombe Cricket Club ground, at Croydon. He had been dead some time. Near the body were several empty bottles, one of which was broken. There were injuries to the head. The bottles were quite dry and had no smell.

The discovery was made by the club's groundsman. He discovered the body lying face downwards, dressed in naval uniform, including a greatcoat.

All that was found in the dead man's possession was a King George III. shilling with a hole in it, a halfpenny, a farthing, two war medals, and a silver-gilt watch-chain.

When he left his ship Bignell had a month's pay and his kit. Both were missing.

Edward Creed, Bayswater shopkeeper, whose murderer is still free

Into oblivion

Bignell was thirty years of age and had spent half his life in the Navy. His letters home were always cheerful, and his last had expressed a wish to remain in the Navy. His mother declared that he had never come home by way of Croydon, and she could not account for his being there.

The police issued a description of the dead man, but no one ever came forward who could throw any light upon the matter, which soon sank into oblivion after an open verdict had been returned.

Then there is the case of a young fellow named Stanley Dalton, who was employed as an odd man at a large country house at Hexham.

He set off for a spin on his motor-bicycle and never returned. Days later his body was found in a lonely wood, nearly two miles from the house. His pockets had been rifled and his machine was missing.

His face had been literally blown away with a shot-gun, so suicide was out of the question. No weapon was found and this mystery is covered by an "open verdict."

Monocled and drowned

At Maidenhead, about two months ago, the body of a man in evening-dress and wearing a monocle was found in the Thames. A considerable sum of money was missing from his pockets; but at the inquest the police could advance no definite theory, and again an open verdict closed the matter.

The Thames could unravel many mysteries, not the least dark of which concerns a boy of seven, whose body was recovered by the police near Crabtree Wharf, Chelsea, some time ago, between a barge and the foreshore.

The lad, who had been callously murdered, was naked and unknown. His head had been completely severed from his body before it had been thrown in the river by the murderer.

Identification was impossible, and prolonged enquiry failed to supply even a clue to the mystery. For six months the body was kept in formalin at the City Preservation Mortuary, in Golden Lane, London. But, finally, with a police officer as the sole mourner, the unnamed child was buried in Fulham Cemetery.

About three years ago a police officer found a woman's leg on Wimbledon Common. Its condition showed that some grim outrage had only lately been perpetrated. The sole identification mark was a scar near the ankle, and although Inspector Savage, of Scotland Yard, made exhaustive enquiries, he could unearth no further clues.

At about the same time an inquest was held upon an aged boarding-house keeper named Mrs. Goodchild. One night, hearing screams, a neighbour entered her house in Euston Road to find Mrs. Goodchild bleeding to death on the floor.

The verdict of Sir Walter Schröder was "Murder by a person or persons unknown." There the tragedy has been allowed to rest.

Similar cases are those of an old man named Salmon, who was murdered in a cellar in Bishop's Road, Paddington, and of Mrs. Seabrooke, a Hertford widow, whose terribly battered corpse was found near the back door of a house.

Sir Bernard Spilsbury, who gave evidence in the latter case, stated definitely that murder had been committed, but no arrest was ever made and the riddle is unsolved.

In the autumn of last year, Inspector Collins, of Scotland Yard, had charge of a curious case at Swansea.

The body of a woman named Maria Peyre, widow of a French seaman, was found on the foreshore at the North Docks.

She had been battered to death with a wine-bottle, the shattered remains of which were found lying near.

In this case a man was actually charged; but, proving an alibi, was acquitted—and the crime remains unsolved.

Recently the body of a girl, who had been missing for several weeks, was found in a Cumberland reservoir. Her skull was fractured, but since a coroner's verdict—"Murder

Iris Watkins, cruelly done to death by an unknown slayer

Mrs. Tedstone, pointing to the lonely spot where she discovered the body of Iris Watkins.

The garage at Southampton round which the Messiter mystery centres

UNDISCOVERED CRIMES

Do You Sit Next to a Murderer?

by some person or persons unknown"—nothing has occurred.

Last October, the body of a woman named Davies was discovered on a country road near Nantyglo. A pond was adjacent; and, although many circumstances of a suspicious character attended the affair, an open verdict closed the story.

Police hampered

Possible witnesses often—perhaps unwittingly—hamper the police by their absence.

Inspector Divers, senior officer of the Southwark division in the Metropolitan Police, has been seeking an ex-convict for weeks past. The man he wants for the purpose of interrogation is George Taylor, though better known to his intimate associates as "Mick Murphy."

Taylor was the constant companion of a woman of loose habits, who haunted the markets at Smithfield, Aldgate and Spitalfields, and who, because of her vitriolic temperament, was nicknamed "Carbolic Kate."

This woman's body was found recently lying in a South London gutter, with appalling injuries to the throat.

Although Inspector Divers and his officers have questioned very many people, they have been unable to find the murderer.

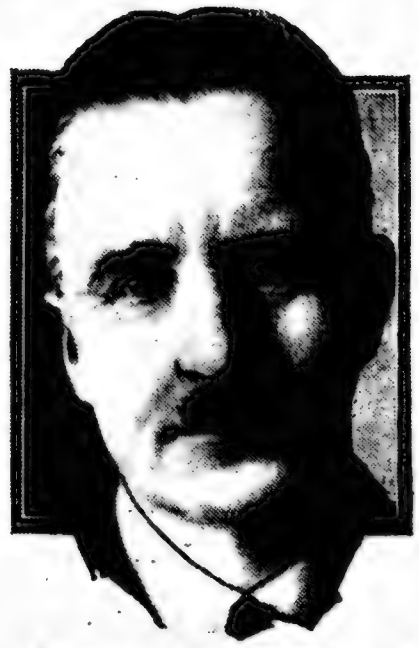
To the pictures . . .

Who was the man who slew Mrs. Mary Ann Wilson?

One evening in April, 1925, Mrs. Wilson left her house in Consett, Durham, saying that she was going to the pictures. She never went to the pictures. That was proved later. Nor did she return that night.

Nothing more was seen or heard of her until half-past eleven next morning, when her body was found in a hollow among some heaps of rubbish on a piece of land known as the recreation-ground.

Sir Bernard Spilsbury, famous pathologist, does his best; but even he cannot find clues to many murders



Superintendent Savage investigated the Wimbledon Common mystery

There were marks on her neck showing that she had been strangled, her head was terribly battered, and she had been dead for many hours.

Complete mystery surrounded this horrible tragedy.

As far as was known, nothing had been on her mind. Nothing had been taken from her, so the motive could hardly have been robbery.

Whoever killed her must have been powerful, for Mrs. Wilson was a woman of considerable strength and would certainly have put up a spirited fight.

It is thought that the murderer dragged her some distance from where he first attacked her, and judging from the condition of her face and head, he appears to have partially strangled her and then kicked her to death with iron toe-plated boots.

Another unsolved mystery is that concerning Wilhelmina Whitfield, a maidservant, who was returning by train from Halifax to Bradford, where she was employed. Her mutilated body was found on the railway line between these towns.

She wore spectacles, and these were found, minus one lens, a few yards from the body. Between the glasses and the spot where the girl lay was a man's felt hat.

A man, whose description the police circulated, had been seen by several people to follow the girl into the train at Halifax. Moreover, one third-class ticket, issued from Halifax to Bradford, was never collected.

Beyond this nothing was discovered and another "open verdict" closed the case.

And what of Iris Grace Watkins, whose body was found in a mountain stream at Blackwood, Monmouthshire, after she had been missing for six weeks?

A doctor declared that she had not been drowned, but had been violently attacked, for one knee and her jaw were dislocated. Her assailant was never found.

Hotel mystery

Four months ago, a woman named Mabel Crocker was found dead in the bedroom of an Exeter hotel.

Dr. Percival Gray, who was called in, definitely stated that death was not due to natural causes, and another "open verdict" was returned.

Another unsolved mystery is that surrounding the death of a schoolboy whose body was found last year lying at a lonely spot on the banks of the river Mersey.

The lad, who was a pupil at a local college, had his throat so badly cut that his head was almost severed.

Not Self-inflicted

Medical evidence showed conclusively that his wounds could not have been self-inflicted—yet his assailant has never been discovered.

It would be possible to multiply instances of this kind without end.

But let us consider the huge number of unsolved and mysterious deaths of women at the hands of unknown abortionists.

Technically speaking, any person who causes the death of a woman in such circumstances is guilty of murder, though, when an arrest is made, the charge is usually reduced to manslaughter. But in hundreds of cases such criminals escape all punishment.

Very recently a beautiful film actress named Evelyn Taylor, otherwise Nita Alvarez, died from acute peritonitis caused by an illegal operation. The person who performed it has never been discovered.

". . . a beautiful film actress died from acute peritonitis" . . .

A similar case is that of a young woman named Mabel Escott, who last year was found dead in a London hotel. Although Mr. Ingleby Oddie, the coroner, returned a verdict of murder against some person unknown, the culprit was never found.

In thousands

A pretty Australian actress named Maud Thompson, who was playing in a musical comedy at Drury Lane Theatre, did not arrive one night to play her part. Later she was found dying from blood poisoning, and the usual open verdict ended the matter.

The appalling extent of the scandal of "open verdicts" is brought forcibly home by Home Office statistics.

In 1927 "open verdicts" were returned in 1,514 cases. The year 1926 yielded 1,436, and 1925 saw 1,511. So, within three years, official figures admit 4,511 open verdicts.

The above figures include a good many cases in which people have been found drowned in mysterious circumstances.

Then there are something like 717 cases where death has been due to injury, though the actual circumstances in which the injuries have been inflicted have never been satisfactorily settled.

Finally, there are 426 cases in which the cause of death has never even been established.

Most of the mysteries come from the provinces, where police operations are controlled by local chief constables.

Often the help of Scotland Yard—where the best detective brains in the world are undoubtedly to be found—is not invited until all other efforts have failed.

And by that time, of course, the delay has made it extremely difficult to follow up clues.

Vanishing point

If our police system were placed under one central control the Home Office might eventually be able to talk about "vanishing point" with some justification.

We leave our readers to judge the improvement that must be achieved before "vanishing point" is reached for unsolved crimes.

Below is Vivian Messiter. Although Chief Inspector Prothero, one of the finest sleuths at Scotland Yard, has investigated this crime, he has so far failed to place the murderer in the dock

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Real Life Stories—

The OLD MAN who DYED his HAIR

STRANGE experiences usually have something of the eerie in them, but whether or not the one I am about to relate can be called a ghost tale, I am not sure.

Clairvoyance is a quality I have never prided myself upon possessing, although occasionally there has been forced upon me the consciousness of a sixth sense.

The dullest amongst us can vouch for some odd happening and experience, and life is so full of loose ends that it would be idle to apologise for being unable to offer anything in the nature of a suitable explanation for the phenomena with which my present story deals.

Were I now writing fiction it would be a simple matter to invent some perfectly satisfying explanation; but life is under no obligation to supply us with a key for every lock, and this tale must be added to the long list of mysteries that can never be fully unravelled.

* * *

Twenty years ago I had chambers in one of those old courts off Fleet Street, a fascinating warren beloved of journalists and other queer people, where fusty offices and untidy little bookshops rubbed elbows with living quarters.

My rooms were over the ground-floor premises of what somewhere back in the 'fifties or 'sixties was a small public-house, but at the time of which I write had been converted for many years past into solicitors' offices.

THE rooms directly over mine were occupied by an old man of no profession, whose name was Edward Patterson; and above him, in the attics, lived a couple of black-and-white artists, while in the basement dwelt Mrs. Raff, an amiable charwoman, who "did for" the lot of us.

I had lived here for some months before I became particularly interested in Mr. Patterson.

Occasionally we passed each other in the court or on the landing, and at such times, although he never spoke, he always bowed and lifted his hat with what might be called an old-fashioned air.

A small, meek-looking man he was, incredibly old in face and figure, but with his sparse locks dyed a bright mahogany hue.

Mrs. Raff often remarked that it seemed a pity a nice old man like Mr. Patterson had no friends and lived such a lonely life. According to the kindly woman, he wouldn't take proper care of himself, either; never had a fire and didn't own a comfortable chair to sit on.

For seventeen years, ever since she herself came to the court, it had been just the same, and for how many years before she couldn't say.

She didn't think he was poor, and certainly he was not miserly. Often he gave her generous presents, and at Christmas-time always weighed in with something extra in the form of a bottle of fine old brandy or rare port, which she felt it was more sensible to turn into cash instead of making merry with at her own table.

"LAST Christmas he gave me one," said Mrs. Raff, "and a friend of mine what knows about good bottled stuff got me five quid from off the gentleman he's valet to. It was only just brandy, but my friend called it Napoleon-something-or-other. And mind you, miss, Mr. Patterson never touches nothing stronger than tea himself."

But Mrs. Raff thought it was silly of the old man to dye his hair. "Every Saturday night, as regular as clockwork, he buys a packet of what they call henna and goes to bed with a towel wrapped around his head to keep it off the pillow-case. Though a nice mess it makes in spite of that. And him with no more hairs to his head than you could count easy."

In those days the neighbourhood of Fleet Street was full of eccentrics, and, for all I know, still is, although a modern printing-house now covers the site of that old quadrangle, and residential chambers and attics are few and difficult to discover, as I found out recently when I went flat-hunting down there.

Mr. Patterson was merely one of the many queer people who came and went like so many shadows out of a tale by Dickens. Had it not been for what followed I dare say he would have passed from my memory long before now.

There was something in her manner that impelled me to look back. . . . . .

One January afternoon, a Sunday, I returned home after lunching at my favourite haunt in Soho, and was mounting the stairs when I became aware of a young woman standing on the landing.

She was buxom, a little full-blown and rather pretty. Of her dress I could afterwards recall no details except that it seemed out-of-date, but I could scarcely help noticing her hair, which was abundant and dyed the same striking hue as old Mr. Patterson did his.

It was obvious that she was waiting on the landing for me to pass, and I murmured a word of thanks as I brushed by her.

There was something in her manner, however, that impelled me to look back, something of distress or agitation, which infected me so that a cold little chill ran down my spine, giving a sensation of goose-flesh and a raising of hair at the nape of the neck.

I felt I had to speak to her to dispel an illusion of the uncanny. So I said: "Are you looking for anyone? Can I direct you?"

"Yes," she replied, "I came to find my husband, but he has left and I don't know where he's gone. He didn't dye his hair last night."

"Your husband?" I asked, thoroughly bewildered.

"Yes, Eddie Patterson. You don't know where he is, do you? I'm so worried about him."

I said no, I didn't. If Mr. Patterson wasn't in his rooms I had no idea where he might be.

THE woman muttered something about being sorry to bother me, nodded and went on down the stairs.

During our brief conversation the uncanny feeling left me to some extent, and it was now replaced by a lively curiosity.

Here was something that Mrs. Raff knew nothing about, and would be very surprised to learn.

I hurried to my sitting-room win-

—by Famous Authors

. . . . *The woman muttered something about being sorry to bother me, nodded, and went on*

Drawn by Spurrier

dow, which overlooked the court, hoping to get another glimpse of the old man's young wife, but she did not appear, and as I waited my heart began to beat too fast for comfort.

Had I only *imagined* that woman on the stairs and the strange piece of news she had conveyed to me?

Friends were coming to tea and I was preparing for them, making a lively racket with shovel and coals, and clattering the china as I laid the tea-tray.

Mrs. Raff had promised to bring in some muffins and I looked forward to her arrival. In fact, I was suffering from a mild attack of nerves.

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Raff. "Mr. Patterson isn't married, miss; that I'll stake my oath. Looked something like a barmaid, you say? Well, I never! Him at his age! And that's queer what she said about him not dyeing his hair last night. Never known Mr. Patterson to miss it before in all the years I've looked after him; no, not once.

"HE always goes across to the 'Cock' for his supper of an evening, and perhaps he sat over it later than usual last night, for when he went for his packet of henna the chemist's was shut.

"He was in an awful state about it and came down to my kitchen to ask me what I'd advise. In the end I calmed him and he agreed that it wouldn't do any harm to leave his hair over until Monday. And that reminds me, Mr. Patterson hasn't rung his bell yet."

Mrs. Raff and I looked at each other, and I can't vouch for her feelings, but that cold, prickly sensation was getting me again.

"Perhaps I'd better go up and see if he wants anything," she said.

"The woman who called herself his wife said he wasn't in," I reminded her.

"Then he's changed his ways all of a sudden. He'd want hot water for washing and shaving before he went out, if nothing else, but I have known him to lay up the whole of a Sunday. However, I'll make sure about it."

Mrs. Raff sorted out a pass key from the contents of her pocket and went up to Mr. Patterson's rooms while I waited at the foot of the stairs.

In less than a moment she was back in a state of great agitation.

"Oh, miss, he's dead!" she cried. "Sitting up as stiff as a ramrod on one of those straight-backed chairs. Didn't go to bed at all, I shouldn't think. There was a magazine he'd been reading had fell from his hands and the light's still on. What have I got to do, miss?"

* * *

Who was Mr. Patterson?

There was an inquest, of course, but it revealed no more than might be expected—namely, that the old man had died of heart failure, in the medical sense of that term. Apparently he had caught a chill and, lacking resistance to throw it off, had simply died.

But Mr. Patterson's death was not the end of him.

Nobody knew who he was, what relatives he might possess or where the money had come from with which he had maintained his existence.

The solicitors on the ground floor were acting for the landlords of our court, and all they could report of Mr. Patterson was that he had first come to live here some thirty years ago and had always paid his rent in cash—gold it was in those days.

Of the woman I said I had seen and spoken to on the stairs no one had ever heard.

There were no papers or letters of any description in the sparsely furnished rooms, which contained, apart from the merest necessities of life in furniture and wearing apparel, only two old trunks.

These, when opened, were found to be partially filled with rare dessert wines and brandies, obviously the main stock from which Christmas presents had been made to Mrs. Raff.

Rumour had it that Mr. Patterson did possess one friend, an elderly man in whose company he occasionally dined at the "Cock" and played dominoes with afterwards, but this person, when run to earth, knew no more about Mr. Patterson than did anyone else.

Their acquaintance had never extended beyond the doors of the chop-house, where it had first been struck, and Mr. Patterson had never mentioned his personal affairs to his reputed friend.

VERY little money was discovered in the old man's rooms, a matter of thirty shillings or so, and the stock of rare vintages was sold to bury him.

No one came forward to claim kinship, and Mr. Patterson passed, after enjoying a mild and posthumous publicity, into more perfect retirement than he had even achieved during the last thirty years of his long life.

Towards the end of the war I had a season of sight-seeing via the tops of omnibuses with a soldier boy, a Canadian, who had presented a card of introduction from a mutual acquaintance.

He was very keen on Old London, and had saturated himself with interesting tit-bits of local gossip, which might be called history.

I pointed out to him the ancient court where I had once lived, and we strolled in to have a look around. It was still much the same, except that so many air-raids having taken place in that neighbourhood, most of the residential chambers were empty, or had been converted into offices, and a sign said the whole place was soon to come under the auctioneer's hammer.

"This end"—said the soldier boy—"used to have a public-house called 'The Cross and Arrow.'"

"Oh! Was that it's name? How did you know?" I asked.

"I PICKED up a little booklet on a second-hand stall the other day that tells all about a murder that was committed here," the boy replied.

"Murder?" I repeated. "When did it happen?"

"Over half a century ago. The publican, a man named Patterson, quarrelled with his wife because she dyed her hair, and killed her in a fit of temper, but his remorse so affected the judge and jury that they only gave him a life sentence."

And that is all I can tell you about the old man who dyed his hair, without straying from fact into fiction.

The soldier boy promised to send me the booklet, but he went back to the war and I never heard from him again.

Was it a self-inflicted penance which impelled Mr. Patterson to henna his hair every Saturday night?

Where did his money come from? Perhaps from some relative who shirked the publicity of acknowledging him as kin.

But for the red-haired woman I can only account by the theory that she was a friendly ghost who bore no ill-will towards the husband who murdered her for her vanity.

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tells next week a true story of dramatic vengeance which followed—

"When East Kissed West"

Wife Was Fat No Longer Attractive

Lost Husband's Love

The above headlines appeared in a New York newspaper of April 4 in connection with a divorce trial that has attracted wide attention.

"She was a beautiful woman," one witness testified, "but she got fat and is not attractive any more."

Thousands of women are getting fat and losing their beauty just because they do not know what to do.

If you are fat how would you like to lose it and at the same time gain in physical charm and acquire a clean, clear skin and eyes that sparkle with buoyant health?

And gain in energy and activity?

Why not do what thousands of women have done to get rid of pounds of unwanted fat? Take one half a teaspoon of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water every morning before breakfast and keep it up for 30 days. Then weigh yourself and see how many pounds you have lost.

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Kruschen Salts are a blend of 6 natural revitalizing salts your body, nerves and glands must have if you are to enjoy good health. Ask your chemist for a bottle of Kruschen Salts and start to lose fat to-day. (JB)

corns

under big toe

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Do you suffer from corns? If so, do as this gentleman did. For many months he had four nasty corns . . . but read the story in his own words:—

"It is with great pleasure I write this letter to you, in acknowledgment for the great relief I have obtained through using your wonderful Radox Bath Salts. For many months I was in agony with four nasty corns under the big toe of my right foot. I tried all kinds of corn cures without even getting relief, until my wife persuaded me to try a 1/6 packet of Radox. On Tuesday, March 5th, I got a packet and soaked my foot the same night, and I am pleased to say I found immediate relief, and after soaking my foot three times in all I have been able to pull out the four corns by the roots, which proves that Radox Bath Salts are all that they are claimed to be. So I wish Radox the best of luck and every success, and you may use this letter for advertising purposes or whatever you wish."

R. W. A., Aldershot, Hants.
15th March, 1929.

How Radox Removes Corns

Your feet have no fewer than 3,000 pores to every square inch of skin. Every pore has its duty, which is to get rid of the uric acid and chalk deposits. When the pores cease work the uric acid or chalk accumulates in the tissues, muscles and small joints of the feet. The skin hardens and forms callouses, corns and swellings. Radox banishes these by charging the water with oxygen—Nature's greatest healer and antiseptic. It is the oxygen which cleans out the pores and carries the corn softening salts right to the roots of corns which are thus loosened so that they may be lifted out bodily.

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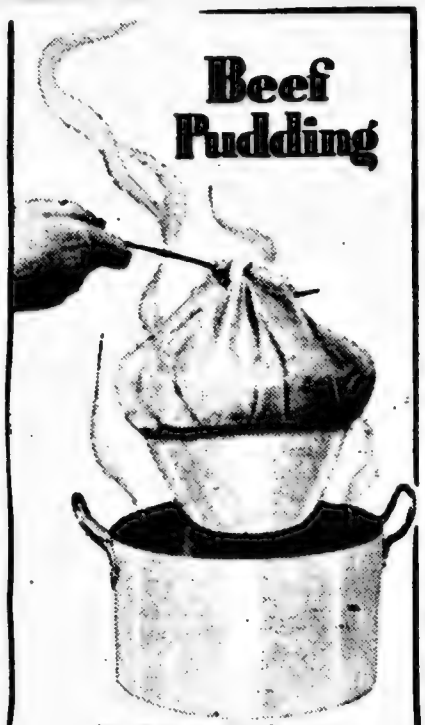

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You can see that Lord Harris dominates cricket

A Funeral in Flannel

THE Merry Month of May is here, and the "flannelled fool" is back at the wicket. I do not endorse Mr. Kipling's phrase. I should as soon think of complaining of April because it brings the cuckoo as of May because it brings the cheerful music of bat and ball.

I would say of cricket much as someone said of strawberries: "No doubt the Almighty could make a better berry than the strawberry if He tried," he said, "but it's certain He never did."

It is conceivable that man could invent a better game than cricket, but it's certain that he never has.

And if I have any regret to confess about my own "flannelled fool" days it is that they are over. Time, the Umpire, has long since given the inexorable signal and sent me back to the pavilion.

But the joy of cricket, once felt, does not pass with the passing of the pads, and wherever two or three Englishmen are gathered together in these early May days the talk will ultimately come round to the king of games.

And there is much to talk about.

The English team is back from Australia with the mythical "Ashes," the South African challengers are loosening their limbs at the nets, the curtain is rising on the County Championship, and all the cricket world is agog with the discussion of the reforms which have been suggested by the committee of the M.C.C. presided over by that Grand Old Man of Cricket, Lord Harris, and three of which have been adopted in so far as county cricket is concerned.

IT is of these reforms that I wish to speak.

There is general agreement that reforms are necessary. In saying this I do not mean to join the ranks of the croakers who insist that cricket isn't what it was in their young days.

That is what the old gentleman in "Gil Blas" said of the peaches. "Peaches aren't what they were when I was a boy," he remarked.

There is more cricket played in England to-day than there ever was, and as good. And so far as public interest in the game is concerned, it was never greater.

But every institution, however hallowed, needs overhauling with time, and the institution of cricket is no exception.

It needs quickening. The balance between bat and ball has been lost. The bat has established a supremacy that, to use a famous phrase, "has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished." Centuries have become too easy to get, and wickets have become too hard to get.

The fact is partly due to the excessive marling of the modern wicket, but still more to the modern worship of averages and percentages.

Cricket is not a business to be conducted on a safe 5 per cent. basis. It is a game, an adventure, in which gallant risks are taken "to win or lose it all."

But the passion for averages and percentages is substituting the spirit of business for the spirit of sport. It encourages defence at the expense of attack, with the result that a whole day's play on a good wicket often produces only 250 runs.

To-day a match may even take seven days—longer than the Almighty took to create the world.

If the tendency continues, I see no reason why a Test match should not occupy a month, in which every straight ball is smothered and every off ball is ignored, and a fine, reckless flourish of the bat is not seen from start to finish.

The extent to which the policy of "safety first" is carried is indefensible.

I noticed that in one of the Australian matches, when the scoring was particularly mournful and slow, two "no-balls" were delivered. *Hobbs cracked both to the boundary.* If he had not heard the umpire's "No ball" they would doubtless have passed untouched like the rest.

I do not refer to this incident in order to discredit Hobbs. He is still the most polished and varied batsman living, and is one of the least of the offenders.

I mention it to show how this "safety first" disease infects even the best of men.

THE problem before the Harris Committee was how to check this disease without destroying the game.

Clearly what was necessary was to change the conditions so that the purely defensive game does not pay.

There were three main suggestions: (1) That the wicket should be one inch wider and one inch higher; (2) that the striker may be given out l.b.w. even though the ball may have first hit his bat or hand, and (3) that the boundary behind the bowler be limited to 50 yards from the striker's wicket.

The first two of these were adopted by the counties and will undoubtedly strengthen the bowler against the batsman.

The wider wicket will compel the latter to attack off balls that he can at present safely leave alone.

The modification of the l.b.w. law will also help the bowler, though personally I prefer Mr. R. H. Lyttelton's more drastic idea that a batsman who stops the ball with his pads should be out no matter where the ball pitches, whether on or off the wicket.

Whether the experiment of the wider wicket should be made applicable to club cricket is doubtful, for in that class of cricket the bowler is generally able to hold his own.

BUT I am convinced that in first-class cricket it is the only practical way of compelling the batsman to attack where at present he crosses his leg, puts his hand on his hip, and leaves the ball to go by.

But it is not enough to deal with the individual batsman.

It is not enough to show him that the "stand pat" style does not pay.

The mischief goes deeper than the individual player.

Nothing is more common than to see the third day of a match reduced to the funereal playing out of time because the object of one side is to cling to the first innings points.

This is especially the case in regard to those grim opponents, Lancashire and Yorkshire, who play cricket, not as though it is a game, but as though it is a family vendetta that must be washed out with blood.

The root of this depressing cricket is the method of deciding the county championship.

That method has now been improved by getting rid of the percentage system and counting by points, each team playing twenty-six matches.

AND the only remedy for the stay-as-long-as-you-please tactics is to abolish the first innings points altogether. Do that and every county will fight for a decision instead of a draw.

The first innings lead will have no value except in its bearing on the second innings.

With these changes, we should have brighter cricket and better cricket—cricket played in the great sporting spirit of the game, the spirit in which, I rejoice to say, Kent and Sussex and one or two other counties still play it.

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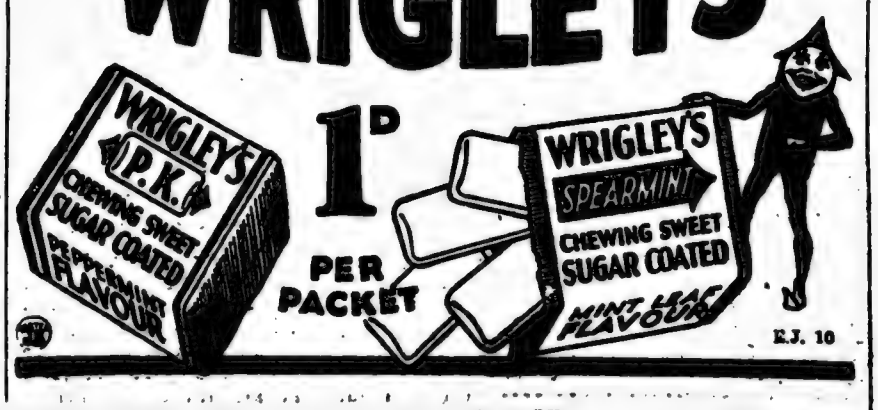

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Mrs. A. A., Birmingham.
Jan. 5th, 1929.

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The Story of My Heart

My VIKING BRIDE

Here's Joseph

by JOSEPH HISLOP

The famous international tenor

Meet Karin—"Perfect, perfect, and yet again perfect"

YOU want me to tell you about my wife—how I met her, and what I think about her?

Certainly.

Nothing could give me more pleasure than writing about her, because it provides me with the opportunity of making public confession of the tremendous debt I owe her.

Being a Scotsman, and therefore of a thoroughly sentimental nature, the task you have given me presents no difficulties at all. My only trouble is that I know quite well I shall be unable to do justice to my most dear and charming wife.

My "love-story" starts some sixteen or seventeen years ago. I had gone to Sweden from Edinburgh, my native city, in connection with my trade, a specialised branch of colour-printing, and had settled down in that most hospitable country.

My original intention was to gain experience, and I had no idea of living abroad for any length of time.

But I soon discovered that I liked Sweden immensely.

I made friends right and left not only in the Scottish colony—you'll find a Caledonian Society in practically every town in the world—but among the natives.

First notes

Almost before I realised it I was picking up the language. And my stay in Gothenburg gradually lengthened indefinitely. Glad I am to-day that this was so—otherwise I might never have met Karin Asklund.

Nothing was further from my thoughts at this time than singing as a career. As a boy in Auld Reekie I had been a bit of a juvenile songbird. Always I was humming and strumming away at some melody or another. I sang because I loved singing.

Little did I dream that within a few months of arriving in Sweden I would be embarking upon a long course of musical study under one of the greatest voice producers in northern Europe.

One evening at a smoking concert in Gothenburg I was called upon for a song.

"Come, Scottie!" said the chairman. "You have been shouting in the choruses—now tip us a stave or two on your own!"

At least, this is what I suppose he said, because I couldn't understand all the words he used.

So up I stood and sang them "Mary of Argyle," that Scottish ballad which, with "Annie Laurie," surely ranks amongst the world's immortal songs.

In the audience was Dr. Brant, most famous of Swedish singing teachers, and he asked me to place myself under his tuition, assuring me that some day I should sing the leading tenor rôles in the opera houses of Europe.

I thought the doctor was inclined to take too rosy a view of my future; but I placed myself unreservedly in his hands. And the night I made my *début* in "Faust" at the Royal Opera in Stockholm was the greatest evening in my old master's life.

Now it so happened that amongst my friends were several young men of the name of Asklund.

They took me to their home. They introduced me to their father and mother. And then introduced me to their sister, Karin Asklund! My fate was sealed and settled the first moment I met her. With me it was love at first sight—complete, rapturous, devastating.

Heavens! how wholly and abjectly I became her slave on feeling that soft little hand in mine for the first time and gazing into the sapphire blue of her wonderful eyes.

If I took my enchanted glance off these same eyes and let it rest upon the spun-gold of her hair the effect was even more ravishing. Her cheeks, her lips, her teeth—perfect, perfect, and yet again perfect!

Her smile—I would have fought a legion to earn it!

Thank God I met her when I did and before any other and better man had the chance to woo and win her!

I was a persistent and a jealous lover.

She had scores of ardent admirers. I defied them all. I defeated them all. In due course we became engaged. Soon after I had established my reputation as a singer we were married.

That was fourteen years ago.

My thoughts about my Swedish wife are the same to-day as when I first met her. My love for her is stronger than ever.

Three lusty bonds

There are many bonds between us, but three stand out specially—May, Elsa and little Joseph Olaf. But even these bonds do not prevent my wife being constantly at my side. She is the predominant partner in the business firm of Joseph Hislop, tenor.

We travel the wide world together—the Continent, England, America, the Argentine, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa. She is my companion, counsellor and friend. I ask none better. She amuses me, interests me, instructs me, praises me and criticises me. When I am sad she cheers me, and when I am glad she rejoices with me.

She has the fixed and immovable idea that I am one of the world's greatest men. Were I as great as Karin thinks I am I would be glad only for her sake.

Now that I have unblushingly extolled my wife's supreme qualities, let me add a sentence or two about our joint interests.

Karin is as much interested in opera as I am. If, when I myself am assuming a big rôle, I make the slightest error, vocally or histrionically, she detects it instantly. So far as my work is concerned we are as near being twin-souls as you could find.

Our only regret

We swim, we play golf, we are both used to the wheel of a motor-car, and we are excellent sailors.

Karin and I have one regret.

We would like fine to have a permanent home in London, but my professional engagements are so world-wide and take up so much of every year that it is not worth our while trying to settle down over here.

We tried it a few years ago, but Stockholm, Paris, Milan, America and Australia kept "calling" so regularly that we had no sooner settled down for a week or two than out came the travelling trunks once more and our lovely home at Notting Hill became a mere mockery of permanent married bliss!

But so long as I have Karin, and Karin has Joseph, we are happy, no matter in what corner of the earth we may be.

And that makes up, in one sentence, "The Story of My Heart."

OUR ELECTION

FIRST FIGURES

The first votes received in JOHN BULL'S great secret straw ballot—in connection with which you have a free opportunity to win £500 outright—show Labour and Liberals running neck and neck, with Conservatives behind.

Here are the percentage figures:

Labour ..... 37.1 per cent.
Liberals ..... 35.4 per cent.
Conservatives .. 27.5 per cent.

Is this already a true indication of what Fate holds in store for Parties on polling-day?

Make sure that you vote twice—once at the polls on May 30, and also at once in our Secret Election Ballot. Turn to page 32, and fill in the coupons there right away.

The politicians don't pay for your vote. But we offer you £500—if you can correctly gauge the national interest in the General Election.

Moreover, our straw ballot is politically important, as an accurate forecast of the real election result.

At the last election we organised a similar ballot.

Its result, published before polling day, almost exactly coincided with the distribution of seats in the House of Commons which dissolves next week.

Why don't YOU win £50?

£200 for Diploma LIMERICKS

1st PRIZE £50
2nd PRIZE £20
3rd PRIZE £10
4th PRIZE £10
100 PRIZES OF 10/-
100 PARCELS (value 10/-) of 'DIPLOMA' PURE FOOD C.
200 BOXES OF CHEESE
EACH CONTAINING AN EP PHOTOGRAPH
200 TINS of CORONET Milk

You've heard of the Miller of Dee,
Who cared for nobody—not he!
When his wife said, "You will,"
He just went through the mill

.....

CONDITIONS.

The Proprietors of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese offer a first prize of £50 and other prizes, as stated, for a best last line to this Limerick. Write your last line on a piece of paper and attach the small coloured label from a portion of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese (either Cheddar, Cheshire, or Dunlop) or label from 'Diploma' Milk or 'Coronet' Milk. Send as many attempts as you like, but to each must be attached a label. The Managing Director's decision is final and legally binding. Address to

Competition: **(Dept. 7), WILTS UNITED DAIRIES LTD., TROWBRIDGE.**

Closing Date: **Entries must reach us not later than Friday, May 17, 1929.**

Result: **A complete list of winners will be forwarded by post to every competitor.**

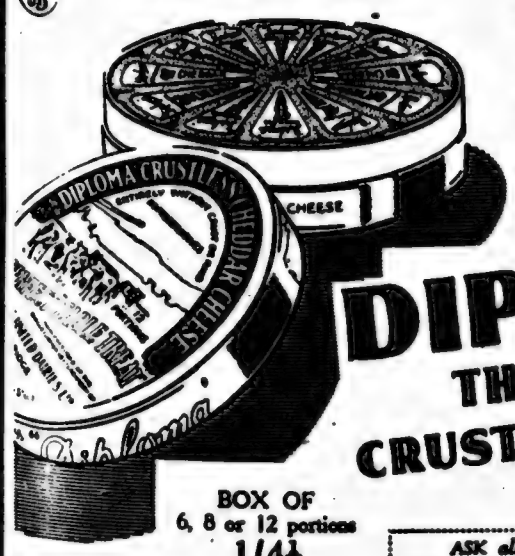
Recent Winners

£50 WINNER.

After dining Jones' face—though 'twas Lent—
Had a look of most perfect content;
For Crustless Cheese had
Fed this well-nourished lad—
To do *well* in this world we were sent.

£20 WINNER.

After dining Jones' face—though 'twas Lent—
Had a look of most perfect content;
For Crustless Cheese had
Fed this well-nourished lad—
Mater had it "religiously" sent.



DIPLOMA
THE ENGLISH CRUSTLESS CHEESE

D83

BOX OF
6, 8 or 12 portions
1/4½

ASK also for 'MOONRAKER' BUTTER.

HALF-POUND BLOCK

Nestlé's! That's the name for milk. And that's the name for Milk Chocolate. Choc-full of goodness is Nestlé's. First the milk—rich farm milk from cows that feed in clover meadows. Then the purest of chocolate. What a happy pair! In Nestlé's Milk Chocolate the nice and the nourishing are blended together into a flavour *smooth and satiny and satisfying.*

NESTLÉ'S
MILK CHOCOLATE

The 2d. Bars are just as good.

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1 Blade for 30 years! *New Zealand, 22-9-28:* "I bought a *M.A.B Razor* 30 years ago in Glasgow and have used it all that time. I shave every morning and it is as good as the day I got it."—*A. Allen.* That's the Razor for you. With special 'Mab' Guard it's as safe as a Safety. Ask any Cutler or send to Mab Co., 73, Newhall St., Birmingham. No. 1, 4/6. No. 2, 5/6. With Safety Guard 6/-, post free. Also Safety Razor Blades for Gillette Type Holders, 1/3 for 5, 2/6 for 10, post free. **Mab**

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Best for all small buildings; clean, neat, easy to lay. No tarring, no trouble. Unequalled for quality. In rolls of 12 sq. yds. at 8/9. Heavy grade 6/-. Every roll guaranteed. Used under tiles on concrete prevents rot. **LASTS LONGEST!** Of Ironmongers Everywhere

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THE old favourite of 40 years is still the best. For smooth, glossy surface and durability, Aspinall's cannot be beaten. No distasteful smell, washable and non-inflammable, Aspinall's gives pleasure at once and for years. Sixty beautiful shades mixed ready for use.

ENAMEL IN WITH

ASPINALL'S ENAMEL

In "Tinlets" to gallon cans of most Ironmongers. Write for nearest agent—

ASPINALL'S ENAMEL, LTD., 15, New Cross, London, S.E.

TO MAKE A PERFECT CUSTARD

the exact quantity of Foster Clark's CREAM Custard must be used. A 4½d. carton contains six and an 8½d. carton twelve separate pints. Using the exact quantity makes a perfect Custard. Also sold in 10½d. Family tins and 1½d. Quart Packets.

Foster Clark's Cream Custard

"TOFFEE!!!! SHARP'S FOR "TIP-TOP" VALUE

LEFT VERY WEAK AFTER HER BABY

Parents Praise Bile Beans

"After my last baby I was left very weak," says Mrs. L. Taylor, of 6, Clive Passage, Snow Hill, Birmingham. "I felt awfully depressed, tired-out, was constipated and too poorly for anything. My headaches were awful. I was scarcely ever away from the doctor's and I took all sorts of medicines without getting better.

"Unlike ordinary pills, Bile Beans acted gently. They were just the vegetable medicine I needed and as they regulated my system I lost the depression, tired feeling, and pains in the head. Bile Beans were a great tonic. They restored my strength and I feel better to-day than for years.

"Bile Beans have also done my husband a world of good for chronic constipation. He is never troubled with the old complaint now. He eats all I put before him and says he feels A1 since he took Bile Beans." Note.—There are now 40 Bile Beans in the 1/3 box and 120 in the 3/-. Of all chemists.

SEND TO-DAY FOR YOUR FREE SAMPLE !

Start your cure with free sample box! Address postcard (stamped 1d.) to Bile Beans Depot, Carlton Hill, Leeds. Mention "John Bull." 4/5.

Mentholatum FOR BURNS

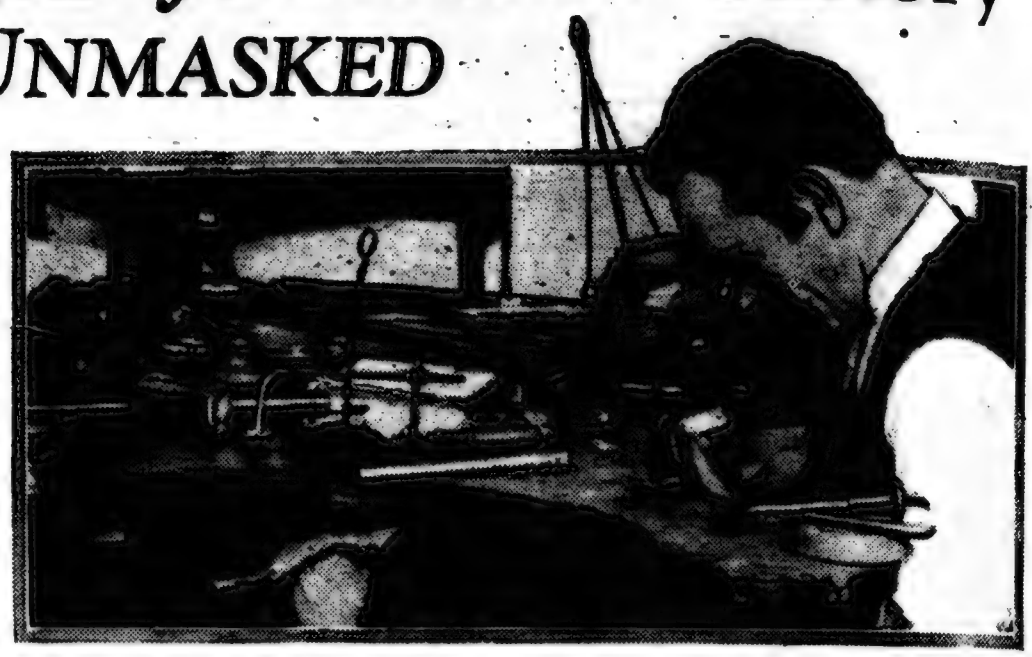
Forged JEWELLERY Factory UNMASKED

RECENTLY at the Central Criminal Court, before the Common Serjeant, two men were convicted for attempting to obtain by fraud £200 from a jeweller, by offering him what they described as a "diamond and sapphire ornament set in platinum."

This, one of them said, had been originally purchased by his father, who was a general in the Crimean War, either in Russia or India, about sixty years ago.

Experts gave it as their opinion that the ornament was obviously manufactured for the purpose of fraud, and was composed of diamond "doublets" fixed on white sapphire "bottoms" and set in what is known as "white gold" instead of platinum.

Our object in referring to this case is to warn jewellers and pawnbrokers, both in London and the provinces, that there is a gang composed of well-dressed, gentlemanly men, who are evidently in the pay or employment of some clever and unscrupulous Continental manufacturers of jewellery made for the express purpose of defrauding buyers.



A jeweller, hard at work, applying all the tests known to art and science—to find out if the "mosker" has been at work

Culture for pearls

Enormous quantities of cultured pearls are sold and pawned all over the country for from three to ten times their real value under the pretence that they are genuine Oriental pearls.

They are mounted on old gold settings, and they can only be tested by means of Röntgen rays, which reveal the tiny globule of metal which had been inserted in the living oyster or pearl mussel, and then left for a considerable time, perhaps four to five years, in its bed until the metal became coated with the iridescent carbonate of lime of which pearls are formed.

"Cultured" pearls, which are regularly farmed in Japan and Germany, are worth from 5s. to 30s. each, according to their size.

By mounting them in old settings, the hall-marks of which show that they were stamped before "cultured" pearls were known, the "moskers," as these fraudulent gentlemen are termed, pawn and sell them as pearls of real value.

We have seen scarf-pins that have cost 15s., and which have been pledged for £5.

Pretty decoys

Quite recently a leading Paris jeweller paid £2,500 for a pearl necklace which the American lady "mosker" told him she had inherited from her mother, and which had only recently been made in London and cost exactly £130.

Not so long ago a stylishly dressed lady defrauded a number of leading jewellers in the South of France and the Riviera.

She drove up to their establishments in an expensive automobile, and taking from her shapely throat a pearl necklace, offered it for sale.

The necklace was obviously valuable. The large pearls were undoubtedly genuine, and after some bargaining a considerable sum was paid to the lady.

It was not until nearly every jeweller in the district discovered that they had purchased almost identical necklaces from the same lady that suspicions were aroused.

Then it was discovered that the three pearls that formed the drop were genuine and valuable. The remainder were "cultured," and some of the smaller ones were actually artificial.

The lady's dress and manner so completely disarmed suspicion that none of the jewellers doubted the genuineness of her story.

In the course of her two days' tour it is estimated that she obtained £10,000 for herself and her employers in this fraudulent manner.

In many cases members of the jewel-buying public are frequently the victims of the "moskers."

They buy articles of jewellery from reputable shopkeepers whose judgment has been deceived and who unknowingly resell these spurious goods to customers.

Sometimes the shopkeepers discover that they have been taken in, and "as fraud ever sticketh between the seller and buyer, like mortar between bricks," we fear they do not hesitate to recover their losses at the expense of their customers.

"Married" diamonds

"Tops and bottoms," as diamonds "married" to white sapphires or crystals are termed in the trade, are extensively manufactured.

Rough, flat-shaped diamonds, worth very little on account of their shape, are cut and polished so as to form the top layer of a fairly large gem.

This is "married" or carefully joined usually to a large white sapphire, and bears all the appearance and lustre of a really valuable stone.

Experts should be able easily to distinguish "doublets," as sapphires, although nearly as hard, reflect light in entirely different angles to diamonds.

Frequently, however, the deception is so perfect that pawnbrokers advance large sums upon comparatively valueless stones.

Platinum, which is worth £12 per ounce just now, is extensively counterfeited.

The counterfeits are extremely difficult to detect, as, owing to the advance in the science of metallurgy, they are acid-resisting, just as even steel and iron are now made rustless.

Deceiving "Uncle"

They are identical in appearance, colour and hardness with genuine platinum, so that the ordinary tests are quite futile.

The only reliable way of distinguishing genuine platinum from false is its greater specific gravity, but this infallible test is most difficult to apply and almost impossible for an ordinary jeweller or pawnbroker to employ in practice.

Hence the advent of "white gold" has been a godsend to the "moskers."

"White gold" derives its name from its acid-resisting qualities, but there is not a particle of real gold in its composition.

It has a basis of platinum with a mixture of other white metal rendered non-corrosive chemically, just as steel is rendered rustless and silver untarnishable.

Dull-looking metal

It is extensively and legitimately used as a platinum substitute in mounting jewellery, but is frequently passed off as platinum at an enormous profit, seeing that "white gold" may be worth anything from £2 to as much as £4 an ounce, while platinum is to-day worth about £12, and a few years back was as much as £30 an ounce, which probably created the craze for this dull-looking metal.

Thirty or forty years ago platinum was only worth from £1 to 25s. an ounce.

It was then difficult to smelt on account of the enormous temperature — 5,000 Centigrade — at which it melted and which caused metals with which it was alloyed to become dross.

The science of metallurgy advanced. It became possible to alloy platinum with baser and more ductile metals, as is the case with gold and silver, and thereby its utility was extended in innumerable arts and manufactures.

It was then that some scientific "mosker" turned his attention to its latent possibilities for fraud, and by ingeniously amalgamating it with copper produced "mystery gold," which was of the same colour and weight, had the same acid-resisting qualities as 18-carat gold, and cost only about 30s. per ounce to manufacture.

Mystery gold

Practically every pawnbroker in the United Kingdom advanced money at the rate of £3 18s. per ounce on heavy watchchains made of this material.

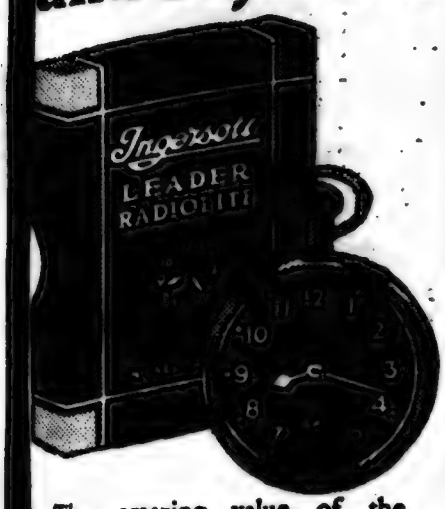
The inventor and his associates cleared, it is said, a quarter of a million through this fraud in eighteen months.

Then the price of platinum began slowly to rise with the demand that grew for its use in electrical and scientific instruments, until it became no longer profitable to manufacture "mystery gold."

Strange to say, after many years the defrauded owners of "mystery gold" articles were able to get a bit of their own back.

Platinum soared in price during the war. And, because of the platinum they contained, refiners were delighted to pay up to £5 an ounce for articles made from this "mystery gold."

For Night and Day work



The amazing value of the Ingersoll Leader Radiolite (illustrated above) makes it easy for you to choose the watch which shows the time in the dark as well as in the light in preference to ordinary watches. The name Ingersoll is a guarantee of accuracy and dependability. Radiolite being a self-luminous substance, the dial never requires exposure to the light and remains luminous for the whole lifetime of the watch.

Ingersoll Radiolite

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Its flavour wins favour

Order HOVIS as a change and before very long you'll eat it as a habit.

HOVIS

(Trade Mark)

Best Bakers Bake it.

HOVIS LTD., LONDON, BRISTOL, MACCLESFIELD, ETC.

CADBURY'S GREAT INVENTION

CADBURYS have found a way to make "fancy chocs in handy blocks." This reduces manufacturing costs and gives you 'more for your money.'

These Blocks are called Cadbury's Chocolate Sandwiches, and besides being better value, they give you a new convenience too. Each one of the cubes is a complete little chocolate with a delicious filling and breaks off easily. The rest of the block goes back into the 'pocket size' carton.

5 VARIETIES

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CADBURY'S CHOCOLATE SANDWICHES

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Britain's Best Bicycle for 8/6 monthly

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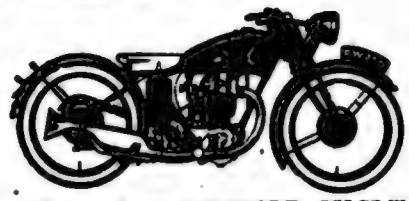

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Models for every rider and for every pocket.

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Four Speed. Four Valve. Coupled Brakes. Saddle Tank.

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Please mail me your 1929 Illustrated Catalogue of Cycles and/or Motor Cycles. (Strike out the words that do not apply.)

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is the finest value ever offered.

An extremely neat, good-looking instrument of excellent quality and wonderfully clear and powerful tone, complete with a whole concert programme of Records, 20 selections.

The GRAVES PORTABLE GRAMOPHONE is covered with waterproof leather cloth, nickel-plated corners, spring fasteners, & carrying handle. Smooth-running motor, 10in Turntable, speed regulator, and starting & stopping device. The Sound Box reproduces with amazing fidelity. Receptacle in lid for Records. Price complete £3.19.6

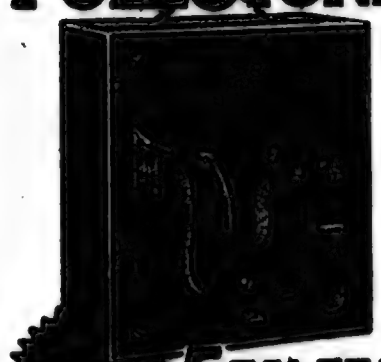
TERMS: 5/- with order, and 15 monthly payments of 5/-

Write for Catalogue of Horn, Hornless, Cabinet and Portable models. List of Needle Records post free.

WITH 10 DOUBLE-SIDED 10-INCH RECORDS (Twenty Selections).

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. Sheffield

FULLOTONE



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1. No aerial or earth. No coils to change.
2. Long range reception.
3. Truphonion Loud Speaker.
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5. One Dial only to operate.
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£250 INSURANCE COUPON FREE With every Dress or Coat Purchase of the individual value of 10/- or over John Noble's present a Free Insurance Coupon carrying benefits of £250 in the case of Death, or £1 per week in the event of disablement through accident.

Model V 1699. This DRESS in Fine, Checked Voile, in three tone colourings of Navy/Cherry/Biscuit, Cherry/Black/Biscuit, or Biscuit/Fawn/Chocolate Checks with plain Biscuit Voile for the collar and strappings, from neck to waistline, on the front of the bodice. Sizes to fit 34, 36, and 38 ins. busts: 38, 40 and 42 ins. length from shoulder to hem at back. PRICE 8/11 Post paid

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Model S 1731. AN OUTSTANDING BARGAIN! This Stylish COAT on good shades of Grey, Fawn, or Navy Flannel. We thoroughly recommend it for smartness and durability. Cut in the newest lines and trimmed with inserted bands of contrasting shade on collar, cuffs and pockets. Ideal for tennis and Holiday Wear. Sizes to fit: 34, 36 and 38 ins. busts: 38, 40 and 42 ins. length at back. BARGAIN PRICE 14/11 Post paid.

FREE!—John Noble's new Spring Catalogue now ready. Send for a copy to-day.

JOHN NOBLE LTD (Dept. 55)

BROOK STREET, MANCHESTER.

The Story of

THE WICKED STEPCHILDREN

How can their father's widow obtain her rights from them?

ALTHOUGH only one of thousands of stepmothers, I am sure that I must be one of the unhappiest and most unfortunate.

When I married I was optimistic enough to hope that my husband's children would accept me in the spirit in which I came to their home—full of love and kindness, and only too anxious and eager to do my best to replace the mother they had lost.

But I was quickly disillusioned. They were resolved to dislike me. The more I attended to their needs, even helping them financially, the less did they show appreciation.

I loved my husband dearly, so much so indeed that when he contemplated a new business enterprise, I invested the whole of my capital in the venture.

He was not unappreciative, and it was only his strong and continued affection for me that made the difficult home life bearable.

The business prospered; and all might have been well had not the sudden death of my husband necessitated its speedy sale.

It was sold to a rival firm at a very low figure, and I have more than a suspicion that one of the children, all of whom were by this time grown up, held a large interest in the purchasing concern.

My share of the purchase-money was not sufficient to provide me with the bare necessities of life for more than a year, for my husband had left no other assets of any kind.

In vain I appealed to the children for the return of the capital I had advanced. They even denied that I had lent the money, and demanded proof in writing.

This family dispute continued for many months, during which time I was gradually collecting the necessary evidence legally to substantiate my claim.

But when I visited my solicitor and laid the complete facts before him, I was informed that an action would involve me in expenses amounting to at least £100.

The small sum I received out of the sale of the business is gone. I have no means whatever. Justice is denied me. It is impossible to go to court without money, and the children are adamant in their determination not to part with what is mine.

What shall I do?

HUMANIST says: For their base ingratitude and cruelty your stepchildren deserve not only to part with what is your due, but to endure the limelight of the courts.

You should apply for free legal aid to the Poor Persons Department, Royal Courts of Justice, Strand, London.

Do not let pride deter you from taking advantage of this perfectly honourable method of obtaining justice.

GUILTY FATHER

longs for his son

RIGHT from the start our marriage was not a success. My wife, who had been on the stage, wanted a gayer life than either my means or position would permit. Before our little son was born we were already living apart, and though, after his arrival, I made another effort at reconciliation, it failed.

Only divorce could now end a situation rapidly becoming unendurable to both. I decided that, if such a step must be, I would take the initiative to save my wife the pain and scandal of being termed the "guilty" party.

It is easier for a lad to confess "My father was bad" than to admit that his mother, his best friend, had done wrong.

I took into my life a sweet, understanding girl, and divorce, as a matter of course, followed. I married my new girl, and we have been happy; but there is one fly always in my ointment. When alone I am for ever dreaming of my boy. I want to help him.

I am anguished that the court gave him into the custody of his mother, for she has now given way to drink and is always threatening to ru[n] me. I was asked recently to allo[w] my name to go forward as a Parli[a]mentary candidate, but refused b[e]cause of this.

My present wife is of such a ne[r]vous temperament that I dare n[ot] discuss these things with her for fe[ar] she should think I have not y[et] broken with the past.

My boy is rapidly approaching t[he] age when a good public school wou[ld] be the very thing to give him a go[od] start in life, and I am anxious to g[et] him into as good a boarding-school [as] I can afford.

Yet, if I attempt it, my former w[ife] is bound to think I am trying [to] steal him away from her. Furth[er] I cannot see how to move on [my] boy's behalf without disclosing [my] whereabouts, which hitherto I ha[ve] been successful in keeping from h[er] for fear she should again upset [my] home life.

I must help my boy to school, [but] I know of no neutral friend w[ho] would act for me if I offer the sch[ool] fees. I would not dream of approa[ch]ing her friends, and as for mine, [I] would spurn any offer made thro[ugh] them.

"HUMANIST" says: Rubbish. Y[our] wife is not such a fool as you thi[nk] or your son would never have b[een] placed in her keeping. It is a p[ity] you did not think of him before [you] dragged the family through [the] Divorce Court.

As it is, engage a solicitor who [will] act impartially, and arrange, on y[our] behalf, to pay the fees of any p[ublic] school to which your son may be [sent].

BENJAMIN'S BAD

sweetheart

MY youngest brother is caus[ing] me terrible anxiety. He [was] a straightforward lad u[ntil] he met a smart, flashy [girl] who lives in a neighbouring village.

Mother heard a rumour that [the] girl friend was "no good," but to [us] that she was not to be influenced [by] gossip, and also to judge for her[self]. mother said he must bring his [girl] love to tea one Sunday.

This he agreed to do, and, of cou[rse] the girl behaved perfectly.

This had the intended eff[ect]. Mother was won over completely [to] my brother's side.

Yet, week by week, he runs entir[ely] out of money long before his wages [are] due, and he borrows regularly fr[om] mother, who never even enquires as [to] where the money goes.

I know; and I can, unhappily, pro[ve] it both from unimpeachable evidence and from personal observation.

My brother is giving money to [a] girl, who is so disreputable as to [be] looked upon as almost a professional in misconduct.

Already, too, folks are pointing [the] finger of scorn and saying "Th[ey] how Christian men succeed in brin[g]ing up their families!"

It would just about break [my] heart if he knew. Can I tackle [the] girl herself and force her to free [my] brother?

"HUMANIST" says: No: you [most] certainly must not attack the girl [on] questions about her morality.

Your duty is to tell your father [at] once what you know. He will [then] thank you for keeping him in [the] dark. He will be capable of deal[ing] with your brother and advising [the] lad for his good.

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

HERE you read some tough problems of real life, and the solutions that "HUMANIST" proposes for them. Each one came from a perplexed man or woman. One day you, too, will be up against a difficulty which you cannot face alone. "HUMANIST" will deal with it through the post. Send a stamped, addressed envelope. For the three most poignant documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.

Homely Wisdom *By the Rev. R. J. Campbell, D.D.*

HOW GOD ANSWERS

PEOPLE occasionally ask me whether I can sincerely believe that God helps human beings in accordance with their desires, as the Bible says He does.

For instance, a good fellow told me not long ago that the story of the Children of Israel crossing the Red Sea when they were escaping from their bondage in Egypt seemed to him incredible—"and," he added, "it is not a bit like what happens nowadays or could happen."

Another man said to me: "I have given up praying long ago; it is both childish and useless. A man that is a man should rely upon himself, not on a supposed Divine Helper Who will work miracles on his behalf."

I hear many remarks like these, and they strike me as due to simple misunderstanding of the way in which God works in relation to the needs of His children.

Take this very passage of the Red Sea for illustration. What a wonderful thing it was! It literally happened.

That amazing man, T. E. Lawrence, who organised the Arab revolt that helped General Allenby to put the Turks out of the war, threw some light on it not long ago.

He pointed out that the Red Sea used to be bordered by salt marshes at its northern end. These marshes would be fordable sometimes and at others covered with water.

Lord Allenby

Now see what the Bible says. The host of escaping Hebrews, chased by the Egyptian army, came to the edge of the Red Sea, intending to cross. They could not have been intending to cross unless they knew it was possible to do so at low tide.

But it was night and they were frightened; so some of them started reproaching their leader and others started praying to God to deliver them.

The Bible narrative states that God answered Moses, saying: "Wherefore criest thou unto Me? Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward."

Forward they went and came safely to the other side, and when their enemies tried to follow them they were swallowed up in the returning waters.

The real miracle that took place was in the courage and determination of that man Moses. God spoke to him just as He speaks to you and me—in the energising of heart, mind and will.

That is the way in which God answers prayer. Most of the good in the world comes in this way.

All the love and kindness, all the hope and cheer, all the faithful mutual service that enrich and ennoble our common life are tokens of the presence and action of the living God.

IT'S NEVER TOO EARLY TO LOOK AHEAD

SAFEGUARD YOUR baby's future by regular weekly investments in National Savings Certificates. If you begin the week he is born, so much the better—it is never too early to start. When money is wanted later for education or for a career, those sixpences and shillings which you don't miss because they are so small, will have become a really useful sum. In ten years all money invested in Savings Certificates increases by 50%.

You can buy Savings Certificates in single documents representing 1, 5, 10, 25, 50 and 100 Certificates, costing 16/-, £4, £8, £20, £40 and £80 respectively. They can be obtained from any Money Order Post Office, or Bank, or through a Savings Association.

Savings CERTIFICATES

LET THE BRIGHTNESS OF SPRING ENTER YOUR HOME!

A beautiful new Catesby Cork Lino floor-covering to greet the sunny days! Bright, cheery patterns that infuse a fresh, Spring-time note transforming the entire home. Make a point of seeing this modern, hygienic floor-covering at our Store. Or, if you prefer, we will gladly send free patterns and samples.

GET YOUR NEW FLOOR-COVERING From CATESBYS ON EASY TERMS.

We call Catesbys the HOME of Cork Lino because we have the largest selection of Cork Lino in the whole world. YOUR favourite colours, everyone's favourite colours, and all the special decorative beauties that our long experience has enabled us to put into CATESBYS CORK LINO, the floor-covering that needs no scrubbing. We invite you to come, to-day or soon, because our new designs are ready for you to inspect, but if you cannot call be sure to send for free pattern set.

FREE OFFER

The Manager of our Lino Dept. has chosen what he considers to be the most popular designs. We have had them printed in actual colours and made up in book form. The beautiful colour designs, sample pieces of Cork Lino, and full details of our EASY PAYMENTS PLAN will be sent free on request, if you ask for Set No. K19 or use this Coupon.

½d. stamp sufficient postage if this Coupon is sent in unsealed envelope.

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Tottenham Court Rd., London, W.1.

Please send me the Special Set of A and B Samples and New Colour Book of Lino designs, as advertised.

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On receipt of P.O. for 10s. 6d. (Carriage 1s. extra), we will forward, direct from our Looms to your address, one of our "Prudential" Brusselette REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN

CARPETS (GUARANTEED GENUINE BARGAINS),

F. Hodgson & Sons will send their Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Brusselette, Prussia, Axminster, Wilton, etc., Carpets and Hearthrugs, Blankets, Table Linens, Curtains, etc., post free to any reader of this paper.

suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, &c. Handsomely bordered in new Turkey patterns (as illustration) and fashionable shades of Crimsons, Greens, Blues, and All Colourings to suit all requirements, and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room. These Carpets, with FREE RUGS, will be sent out as Sample Carpets. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own, can only be obtained direct from our Looms, thus saving the purchaser all middle profits. Money willingly refunded if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unsolicited Testimonials received.

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With every Carpet we shall absolutely give away a very handsome Rug to match.

F. HODGSON & SONS (Dept. J.B.), Manufacturers & Merchants, Woodsley Road, Leeds.

HOW TO GET RID OF A SHINY NOSE PERMANENTLY

(By a Skin Specialist.)

man likes to see a woman take out her der puff and commence powdering her e at a Thé Dansant, to hide her shiny e and other complexion defects. By nding a little mousse of cream with her e powder, any woman can easily make powder stay on all day. The mousse ream causes the powder to cling to the n in spite of heat, rainy weather or spiration while dancing. Its continued has a tonic effect on the skin and will n banish a shiny nose permanently.

e mousse of cream in Poudre Tokalon is ntifically blended in just the right pro- tion during the process of its manu- ture. This is an exclusive and patented kalon process. Invisible on the skin, dre Tokalon gives a fresh, lovely, thful complexion and has a faint fragrance which is alluring and fas- cinating. Three million women use this powder every morning. Women of England, France, Italy and America—the most lovely and beautiful women of the world now insist on having Poudre Tokalon. Get it to-day. It only costs 1/- a box, large box (double 1/- size) 1/6. Compacts 1/3, Refills 9d. Large de Luxe Compacts 1/9, Refills 1/-.

6/- WITH ORDER

Here is the biggest step in price reduction since the War. The Graves 'Royal Sleuth' Free Wheel Cycle at £4:10:0 is incomparably better value than any machine offered before the War or since

From start to finish the Graves 'Royal Sleuth' Free Wheel Cycle is of the most dependable quality, every component part being the best of its class and the product of makers whose names stand as a positive guarantee of excellence and reliability. There is nothing unworthy in the construction of this magnificent cycle, and down to the smallest detail it is the economy of cycle perfection.

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DUNLOP TYRES
ROADSTER, WITH WIRED EDGES.

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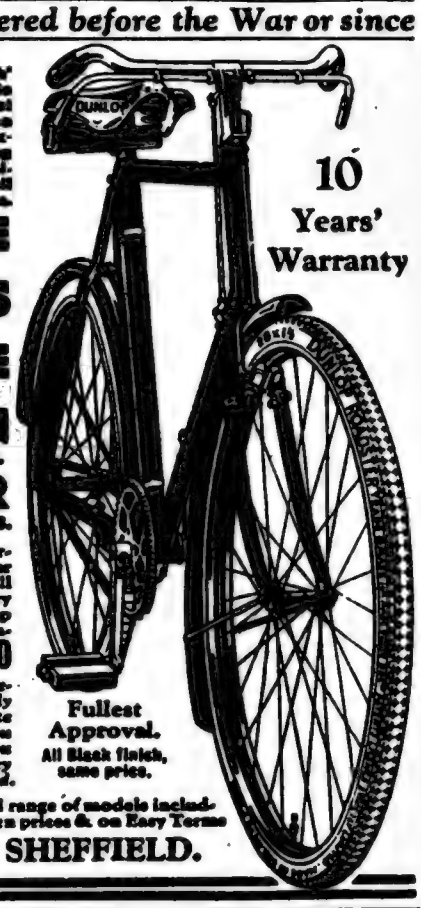
WATERPROOF, THREE COIL SPRING.

RENOLD CHAIN
HALF-INCH PITCH. FAULTLESS FINISH.

ROLLER LEVER
BRAKES WITH FINEST RUBBER BLOCKS.

Frame of finest Weldless Steel Tubing, thoroughly rust-proofed and finished with four coats of Black Enamel, Lined Green. All bright parts heavily plated. With every machine we supply Tool Bag, Pump, Pump Clips, Spanner and Oilcan. Delivered complete & carriage paid, (Lady's or Gent's Model same price) **£4:10:0**



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All Black finish, same price.

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EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

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Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final. *ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED*, Proprietors of "John Bull."

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Our Letter Parliament

If I'd Planned BALDWIN'S ELECTION BUDGET

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited, as also are letters on any topic about which you feel strongly. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Mark envelopes "Letter Parliament." Letters on this subject must reach us by first post on Tuesday, May 7.

My Secret Superstition

BY scrapping all battleships of the super-"Dreadnought" class the Conservative Government could have saved the country millions.

More, such an act would have set the seal on Anglo-American friendship and might well have proved the first step towards international disarmament and universal peace.

Actually Great Britain had nothing to lose by such a gesture, as undoubtedly in the next war super-"Dreadnoughts" will be useless against the super-submarine and aircraft.

The Budget presented Mr. Baldwin with the chance of a lifetime—and he missed it.—*C. S., London, N.*

The Maiden's Prayer

The introduction, or rather the reversion, to the penny post would have been the finest piece of "window-dressing" Mr. Churchill could have done.

This would undoubtedly have carried thousands of votes to the Tories, which may now be lost.

Certainly the "flappers" would have plumped Tory. Six love-letters for sixpence, instead of being limited to four!

And this is not so frivolous as it at first seems to be. Cupid's missives are far too important to be lightly ignored. Ask the "flappers" and they will tell you.—*Edward, Ely.*

Quite Simple

I should have saved millions in the cost of collection by abolishing indirect taxes, and have raised all revenue by one tax, a direct tax upon income.

Apart from the saving in the cost of collection, it has two distinct advantages—it would make every elector think very carefully before casting his or her vote, as any increase would be felt immediately and personally, and in its incidence it is the fairest form of taxation conceivable.—*A. R. Sturdy, Leeds.*

Pay-Day Policy

The policy of increasing purchasing power, advocated by JOHN BULL for years, was the only hope of increasing prosperity and decreasing unemployment.

Higher wages and a tax-free breakfast-table (and it could be done on less than twenty million pounds) would have created contentment where indignation caused by acute poverty is now rampant.—*N. S., New Seaham.*

Thinks Winston Fine

Really Mr. Churchill has done remarkably well with his Budget. Presumably there may be a vote-catching flavour in his remission of the tea-tax, yet that is all to the good, and will benefit millions of poor people.

How much better could any other Chancellor have done?

It is abominable that we should be called on to pay £200 every minute for fighting purposes, but that is because the world's population is largely composed of fools.

Until human nature is radically changed for the better, we must pay up.

Given the ability and the opportunity, I should have produced a Budget like Mr. Churchill's.—*C., Durham.*

Coal First

To relieve the coal industry would have been my aim. I should state the fact that a great deal of responsibility for the high price of coal rests with the great cost of transport.

My scheme would be to pay half of the carriage of coal, but to make sure the owners do not get the benefit.

The price of coal would be reduced; trade would improve; miners would be employed and bigger profits earned.

After a while the transport "help" would be gradually dropped, until after a few years we would rank once again as the most prosperous country.—*R. E. F., Fulham.*

A Fairer Tax

In addition to providing for the abolition or reduction of rates on farms or factories, I would have budgeted for the extension of the reform to shops and dwelling-houses.

Every harassed elector would have benefited, and would have known exactly to what extent.

The relief to farmers will go ultimately into the landlords' pockets, a dole of two and a half millions annually. This and other gains that accrue to landlords, from every scheme of public assistance or private enterprise, could have been secured to the Treasury by a straightforward tax on the ground rent of the land.—*James McCulloch.*

The Musso Touch

My Budget would offend all Parties—Conservative by bringing down rent, Liberal by rapidly lowering the prices of housing materials, and Labour by overriding trade unions.

I should [illegible] aside a huge [illegible] for building wo[rk]ing-class hous[es]. Private enterpr[ise] cannot do it, [and] should mobil[ise] the nation to p[ro]vide houses [at] the betterment [tax]. life, as we provided war-time shell[ter].—*One Room, London, N.W.*

New Brooms . . .

I would put a tax on all limited [liability] companies paying a dividend [of] more than 10 per cent., all Stock [Exchange] transactions on margin, [and] works of art leaving the country.

I would reduce Naval and Milit[ary] Estimates (even though the Minist[ers] concerned threatened to resign).

The money thus obtained I wo[uld] devote to education, slum-clearance [and] a complete removal of all breakf[ast] table duties.—*L. B., Leeds.*

Heaven for Gossips

Halfpenny postage would have be[en] included in my Budget.

By this measure Winston could h[ave] eclipsed Rowland Hill by doing so[me]thing novel, and given us what so[me] of our colonies still enjoy.

I should institute free telephones [in] every home where required, payme[nt] only for calls used. Look what [the] increased calls would bring in reve[nue] to the G.P.O.? Why, the women wo[uld] gossip to each other more than ever.

I would tax football coupons [and] make them legal in all newspapers [or] periodicals.—*B.M/ZHVV, London.*

Bridging those Gulfs

I would have used every penny [I] could touch on constructive work, [such] as the Forth Road Bridge. This sche[me] would employ thousands of men [for a] few years, and by a toll could ultima[tely] be made to pay for itself.

The toll would be easily payable [by] users of the bridge, by reason of [the] profitable convenience of such a str[uc]ture.

There are dozens of such schem[es] open to the man who is not afraid [to] spend on constructive and produc[tive] forces, which is after all a mere fr[ac]tion of what we spend on destruct[ive] ones. Such expenditure would in [the] end be profitable to all concerned.—*M. J., Fife.*

Families First

I would give Government gratuities [of a] reasonable amount to parents for [the] second and subsequent child, and gra[nt] free maternity benefits.

To meet this a tax of 2s. in the pou[nd] on taxable income would be placed [on] bachelors between thirty and fifty-f[ive] to be paid when paying income-t[ax]. Married men (or widowers) who [are] without children would similarly p[ay] 1s. in the pound.

The above would appeal and awak[en] the interest of the flapper, mother [and] father, and after remission of the [new] duty would encourage them to vote [for] the Party which had the nation's futu[re] at heart.—*E. Hardy, Leeds.*

Letters in Little

I would train men for the benefit [of] farmers at home and not for t[he] Colonies.—*Iron Worker, Darwen.*

A tax on bachelors would have c[ap]tured more flapper votes than tak[ing] fourpence off tea. With "Husbands [for] Flappers" as its slogan, any Pa[rty] would romp home.—*W. B., Highbury.*

In our street there are nine[teen] families. Almost every week the [un]employment pay received by the people totals over £13. Winston's [only] remedy was to reduce the tea-bill [of] house by a penny a week.—*W., Crewe.*

A penny off beer, tobacco and cig[ar]ettes would have gained Mr. Baldw[in] Party thousands of votes at the [for]coming election.—*Jess, Herefordshire.*

Winston's Budget leaves out of co[n]sideration the fact that the root [of] industrial prosperity is the purchas[ing] power of the middle class.—*S. A. W.*

Race with "Silver Ring"

LORD ASTOR *Keeps Smiling*

MANTON strawberries seldom ripen before June, but—judging by what I saw at Newmarket of the Derby colts, Cragadour and Brienz—Joe Lawson, who is now in charge of the famous Wiltshire stable, has been using forcing methods.

Of the two horses, Cragadour made the biggest appeal, and I suggest that JOHN BULL readers who are contemplating an ante-post flutter on the big Epsom race risk a little on Lord Astor's colt.

If the three-year-old belonged to any other patron of the great stable I should say risk a lot, but Lord Astor is the unluckiest of owners where the Blue Riband of the Turf is concerned.

He can win the Oaks almost when he likes, but his great ambition is to breed the Derby winner, and here Fate seems to be against him.

In recent years he has owned the second on four occasions. Buchan was beaten by Grand Parade; Craig an Eran—sire of Cragadour—lost by a neck to Humorist; Tamar went under to Captain Cuttle, and St. Germans was trounced by Sansovino.

Still Lord Astor keeps smiling, and eyes the big prizes. He does not bet.

One or two racing critics stated that Elton "struggled" into third place in the City and Suburban. You can take it from me that he suffered more ill-luck than the winner, Parwiz, and would have won with a clear course. Elton must go down in your notebooks as one never to be missed.

The *Challenger*, a weekly sporting special, can be had free by sending a postcard to David Cope, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.

* * *

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE

The code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, May 2, to Wednesday, May 8, and will then be revised.

C H X B P 7 F D O 3 9 A L U N
5 G Y V W J M E T I K S R Z Q

In place of the code letters printed in the *Sporting Life* read the one above or below, as the case may be. MDRAQDSE would read FELSTEAD.

"SILVER RING."

"His favourite brand — and mine!"

Player's Please

10 for 6D
20 for 11½D

'It's the Tobacco that Counts'

N.C.C.468A

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DESIGN OR ACCIDENT?
A Manual of
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Preface by H. G. WELLS Five Diagrams
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Shampoo with Cuticura Soap
Gently massage the scalp with Cuticura Ointment, applied by the ends of the fingers. Let remain a few minutes, then shampoo with a suds of Cuticura Soap and hot water. Rinse thoroughly; finish with cold water if preferred.
Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Talcum 1s. 3d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 27, Charter-house Sq., London, E.C.1.
Cuticura Shaving Stick 1s. 3d.

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A Post Card will bring you our full range of New Suit Styles & Patterns—Indigo Serges, Fancy Worsteds, Fashionable Barrel & Chevron Finish Suitings in a wide variety of designs & shades, etc. Our self measurement form enables you to give your correct measurements, and we guarantee to supply a perfect-fitting suit. Write to-day.
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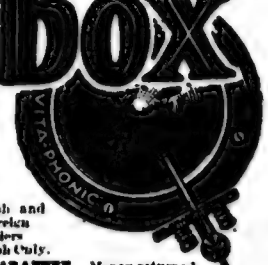

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WHEN ORDERING, be sure to state the make of your gramophone, and mention if soundbox slips over or into the tone arm.

CUT THIS COUPON OUT AND POST TO-DAY.

To the UNIVERSAL SALES CO. (Dept. 41), 177, Regent St., London, W.

In accordance with your offer, I promise that within 7 days I will either send you 10/6 cash price) or 2/- and subsequent 5 weekly payments of 2/- (12/- in all) or Price) the soundbox in good condition.

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is the most amazing Quality and Value Offer ever put before the readers of this journal.

It includes the following superb quality goods:

One Pair WHITE FLEECY BLANKETS with Blue Borders. Warranted to wear and wash well. Whipped edges. Size 66 x 88ins. Weight 7lbs pr.

One Pair ALL WHITE FLEECY BLANKETS of excellent make and finish. Extremely durable. Whipped edges. Size 60 x 90ins. Weight 4lbs pr.

One Pair GREY BOLTON TWILL SHEETS of guaranteed quality. Hemmed and finished ready for use. Size 70 x 90ins. Weight 4lbs pair.

A COLOURED ALHAMBRA QUILT of tasteful design, finished and hemmed ready for use.

A BLEACHED DAMASK TABLE CLOTH in a very handsome dice design, beautifully finished, Size 54ins square.

Two pure WHITE PILLOW CASES with flap and buttoned ends. Size 20 x 30ins.

A pure WHITE BOLSTER CASE to match, size 20 x 60ins.

VERY IMPORTANT

By way of extra benefit, and to demonstrate that reliable Sheffield Cutlery is still the finest product of its kind in the World, we are including in the Graves 'TRIUMPH' Bargain Sale a 16-piece Sheffield Cutlery & Plate Service for the use of four persons.

The 16-PIECE SERVICE comprises 4 Knives of Stainless Sheffield Steel with keen edged blades and beautiful Ivory grained handles; 4 Dessert Size Forks, 4 Dessert Size Spoons, and 4 Tea Spoons of 'Columbian' Silver, an amalgam of metals which resists acid stains and wears perfectly white and silver-like all through.

The Complete Sale (including the 16-piece Cutlery Service; Carriage Paid £3

TERMS. Our Bargain Price for the Graves 'TRIUMPH' Bargain Sale is for Deferred Payments. Send 5/- now, and complete purchase in 11 Monthly Payments of 5/- if you are entirely satisfied with the Sale after inspection in your own home. Money back in full if you are in any way disappointed.

CATALOGUE of any of the following departments Post Free:—Ladies' Fashions, Household Fire-arms, Footwear, etc., Sheffield Cutlery, Cycles, Men's Wear, Gramophones and Records, Wireless Sets, &c.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

LIGHTEN *their* DARKNESS

A Stricken House

Kate is the eyes of the blind

EVERY morning, a little girl and her brother are taken by the L.C.C. ambulance from their home in Edmonton to the special school for the semi-blind.

Their mother cannot *see* them off, as she is more blind than the children, having had an eye removed when she was fourteen, and, in spite of many operations, the remaining eye is practically sightless.

Out of her family of nine children, five inherited defective eyes. She lost a little blind boy of three years old, one daughter is in a school for the blind, and another works in a factory for the blind.

The boy who attends the L.C.C. special school may recover his sight, but the little girl's is steadily getting worse.

Their father, who died last month, lived in dread of some accident overtaking the children. "It was great," says their sister Kate, "to see Dad's face when they arrived home safely."

He underwent several operations, but to no purpose, for he died whilst still under the effects of the anæsthetic administered at the hospital.

His life, since the war, was a prolonged agony. During the last year, he could neither stoop nor lie down, and would sit through the night in intense pain.

Fatherless—and Blind

His family realise that death for him is a happy release—but his wife is lost without his guiding hand, as those of her children whose sight is not impaired are out working, to keep the home fires burning.

At such a time, a little added fuel in the shape of financial help would bring light into this darkened household.

"The Greatest of These—"

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to* The Hon. Secretary, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. *Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

Happy Mother of Five (Bedford), 6d.; Ida Shortlands, 5s.; N. Lewis (Shanklin), 1s.; Easter Offering (Bourton-on-the-Water), 10s.; Unlucky Mollie, 1s. 1d.; A. K. (Bradford), 2s.; Anon. (Preston), 1s.; B. C. Cooper, 6d.; Jumping Joshua, 2s.; John R. Sellars, 6d.; H. Hunt (Bournemouth), 6d.; Mr. W. R. Bles (Plymouth), £1; A Labourer, 2s. 6d.; J. E. Leather (Northwich), 1s.; A. D. Ware, £1. G. W. Asquith, 2s.; J. N. S. B., 1s.; A Reader, 2s.; Exonian, 1s. 6d.; J. E. S. (Forest Gate), 1s. 6d.; Widow's Mite (Exeter), 6d.; J. J. P., 5s.; S. F. D., 1s.; Mary, 5s.; A. E. Young, 1s.; Ucalite, 1s.; Anon., 6d.; Two Edinburgh Boys, 2s.; Lillian (Dewsbury), 2s. 6d.; A. K (Ashton-under-Lyne), 10s.; Huonymous, 3s.; S. Dickins, 1s. 6d.; "?" 10d.; W. A. Exton, 6d.

Parcels of clothing are gratefully acknowledged from Danno-Tram, Hilda Young (Portsmouth), Tobins (Putney), J. H. (Southend), Mrs. Sydney (Ealing), Miss Hawthorn (Coalville), P. E. and W. N. R. G., M. J. L. (Highgate), R. M. (Parkstone).

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

VOTE *and Win* £500

Must be Won—No Entrance Fee

All estimates must be written in ink and in figures (not words) and made on the coupons taken from JOHN BULL. One X only may be made on each Voting coupon.

Any coupon upon which an alteration has been made or which arrives after the closing date (first post, May 15) will be disqualified.

The sum of £500 will be paid to the competitor or competitors sending the correct or most nearly correct forecast of the total number of votes cast at the General Election. In the event of a tie the prize will be equally divided. The £500 must be won—there is no entrance fee.

No individual's vote on any Voting Coupon will be disclosed, not even that of the winner.

No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the delay, loss or non-delivery of any coupon. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery or receipt.

No correspondence will be entered into.

The Editor's decision must be accepted as final and legally binding.

The official figures published in the *Times* will be regarded as final, and the £500 will be awarded accordingly. No claims from competitors are required in this contest, as all entries received will be carefully examined by our staff. Results will appear in JOHN BULL as soon as possible after publication of official figures.

A

VOTING COUPON

To vote CONSERVATIVE put X below:

To vote LABOUR put X below:

To vote LIBERAL put X below:

Only one X must be placed on this coupon. Please state below whether you are a man or woman. (Cross out word which does not apply.)

2 MAN.... WOMAN

CUT HERE

B

£500 MUST BE WON

Election Forecast

NO ENTRANCE FEE

My estimate of the total number of votes that will be cast in the coming General Election (Write in figures below)

.....

I enter the "John Bull" General Election Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final and legally binding.

Coupons must reach us not later than first post on Wednesday, May 15.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS (in block letters) .....

.....

.....

This coupon must be sent in together with the Coupon on the left.

POST EARLY 2

Cut out Coupons separately and post BOTH together in one envelope (1½d. stamp). Address your entry: "Election Competition," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Write to "John Bull" about it!

The EDITOR Replies

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

S. L. (Bude).—"I've not been myself all the week." We hope your luck will hold.

O. F. (Walsall).—"What a lot drink will do for a man." And a man for a drink.

Miss W. (Earley).—"Who gets the most out of marriage?" The furniture dealer.

C. K. (Barnes).—"I always sleep like a log." Like a log with a saw going through it?

B. U. (Ventnor).—"He is the light of my life." So, of course, you don't let him go out.

F. E. (Chelsea).—"I was very nervous when I interviewed her father." Did he help you out?

V. N. (Totnes).—"She owes her good looks to the chemist." Beauty is often only skin dope.

Miss C. R. P. (Epsom).—"A smart evening frock may be any length." But, of course, it isn't.

E. K. (Cowden).—"A female fly lays ten thousand eggs." What a good thing she doesn't cackle.

P. B. (Belper).—"How can you tell a poisonous from a non-poisonous snake?" By the bite.

F. W. (Shalford).—"Love makes the world go round." And the money go about half-way round.

A. W. (Newark).—"What would you do if your wife kept praising her first husband?" Envy him.

R. T. (Gosport).—"My poems won't be published until I am dead." We hope you have a long life.

N. J. (Hoxton).—"In a battle of tongues a woman can always hold her own." But she never does.

H. L. (S.W.3).—"How shall you vote at the General Election?" By putting a cross on the ballot paper.

J. McC. (Aberdeen).—"Many illnesses can be cured by suggestion." Yes, the suggestion of the doctor's fee.

G. H. (Ipswich).—"It is the serious-minded girl who gets on." Quite; but it's the other sort that gets off.

F. N. (Oxford).—"He is a young man with money to burn." Then he'll have no difficulty in finding a match.

C. R. (Dover).—"Some feminine fashions are very sudden." Frocks, for instance, leave off very abruptly.

Miss D. K. (Bournemouth).—"I often have a bet, but never seem able to pick out a winner." Try a sharper pin.

C. T. (Amersham).—"I know a girl who makes all her own clothes." Then she should have plenty of leisure.

J. F. (Dorking).—"Do you think women are good drivers?" Well, many a woman has driven a man to drink.

T. D (Wincanton).—"Taking their size into consideration, ants can lift very heavy weights." And wasps can also raise large lumps.

B. K. (Maidstone).—"He told me my style was wooden." You shouldn't have told him the ideas came out of your own head.

J. K. (Greenwich).—"I am thinking of taking up roller-skating. What is there hard about it when learning?" The floor.

JACK T. (Leeds).—"The police orchestra gave an awful show, and had no idea of time." Probably they were off their beat.

W. P. (Hull).—"There has been a great increase in newspaper reading since the war." Why blame the war for everything?

MRS. P. (Plymouth).—"My boy was placed eighth in his class in the last school examinations." Now he's one of the upper ten.

Mrs. T. (Oxford).—"I cannot get a maid to stop." Our difficulty is to get one to start.

R. F. (Hitchin).—"The music on the wireless last night was heavenly." Ethereal, in fact.

A. C. M. (Ashford).—"My wife has had her ears pierced." Wasn't she bored enough already?

L. V. (Cardiff).—"Games with cards are very ancient." Yes, Job played a game of patience.

GEORGE (Ipswich).—"I intend to take up fishing. What are the first essentials?" Long arms.

P. G. T. (Carlisle).—"Postage stamps are infested with bacteria." The germs get a licking, at least.

Mrs. B. P. (Pulham).—"I have a better complexion than my daughter." Isn't chemistry wonderful!

G. M. (Hoxton).—"My wife threw a dish at me and hit me on the head." But why did you dodge?

S. B. (Swansea).—"Politics make strange bedfellows." But too often it's the voters who go to sleep.

Mrs. T. (Tamworth).—"I am very superstitious." But you would take thirteen eggs to the dozen, we bet.

D. L. (Staines).—"I think there are too many filling stations on the road." Yes, and what a price the beer is!

L. P. (Portland).—"Does a woman prefer a husband who gives way to her or the other sort?" Is there another sort?

A. R. (Cambridge).—"I made up the enclosed poem out of my own head. What would be a good title for it?" Sawdust.

H. F. (Coventry).—"The motor-car is bringing distant places closer and closer together." Including our house and the workhouse.

"NATURALIST" (Newark).—"A publisher made me pay nearly £100 to produce my little book on bees." You seem to have got badly stung.

M. D. (Parkstone).—"A very hot bath will often destroy the germs of influenza." But the difficulty is to persuade them to have one.

Miss F. N. (Luton).—"I told my fiancé that I could cook as well as I can sing." Still, you can always live in a boarding-house, can't you?

C. Y. B. (Leeds).—"In Japan you can tell whether a girl is single or married by looking at her hair." In England you can't even tell if it's a girl.

W. L. D. (Reading).—"I have often thought of dashing into a Post Office with a revolver in my hand." That might be one way of getting served.

R. P. (Lincoln).—"Experience has shown that cooking is not at all an unhealthy occupation." Yet we seem to be always hearing of cooks who are here to-day and gone to-morrow.

S. P. (Queensboro').—"I stand by prohibition." Well, we can stand without it.

K. S. (Thrapston).—"I was a fool as a boy." You're evidently a real Peter Pan.

F. B. (Calshot).—"I am as hard as nails." Then you can stand a good hammering.

N. H. (Ilfracombe).—"There should be a legal penalty for flirting." There is—marriage.

G. S. (Taunton).—"Men won't trust him too far." Then women won't trust him too near.

P. S. (Totnes).—"I tried to drown my sorrows." And found that your head kept swimming.

S. A. (Bolton).—"In the spring a young man's fancy . . ." usually finishes well down the course.

V. T. (Uxbridge).—"In my youth girls did a lot of darning." Nowadays they express themselves more forcibly.

N. R. (Sutton).—"Genuine antiques are very expensive." But one can still buy a railway bun for 2d.

B. E. (Ilkley).—"There's no fun like work." And Winston sees to it that we pay the entertainment tax.

W. O. (Orpington).—"Women's flimsy undies make me smile." It's the winter woollies that tickle most of us.

M. K. (Leamington).—"What will the far-seeing candidate stand for?" What he thinks the electors will fall for.

S H. (Windsor).—"My little car will pass anything on the road." Have you tried a policeman with his hand up?

B. S. (Edinburgh).—"Theatre seats are too expensive." Win a "Bullets" Portable Wireless Set this week and go to the theatre at home.

C. T. (Lydney).—"It's strange for a woman to marry a man old enough to be her father." Not if he's rich enough to be her husband.

C. J. K. (Norwich).—"I have heard that polygamy is legal in Russia." but that isn't the only country where a man has one wife too many.

P. D. (Laybridge).—"I find inspiration for my story-writing in gardening. But judging by these you send us, you always dig up the same old plot.

F. R. L. (Putney).—"Window cleaners are not the only men whose occupation is hazardous." No. We read recently of a magazine editor who dropped eleven stories into a waste-paper basket.

W. T. (Beccles).—"As the prescribed doses of my anti-fat medicine don't seem any use, I mean to try much larger ones." You are hoping for a reduction on taking a quantity?

G. L. (Sunderland).—"I am suing the railway company for smashing a crate containing goods sent me from London." You ought to win, if you correctly represent the state of the case.

Mrs. B. (Tewkesbury).—"There are many married women among our best authors." And there's many a husband who can spin a good yarn.

M. P. (Cowden).—"What is an egotist?" A person suffering from "I" strain.

A. G. (Harwich).—"Women like a strong, silent man." They think he is listening.

E. S. (Romsey).—"My friends say I am climbing the ladder of fame." Don't let them pull your leg.

R. G. (W.1).—"Many actors suffer from stage-fright." It is good to know that the audience does not always suffer alone.

A. R. (Purfleet).—"I appealed against my sentence and had it increased." You can get nothing nowadays unless you ask for it.

G. C. (Sutton).—"A man who marries and settles in the country misses a great many things." Especially the last train home.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

Side Slips

Examples of genuine unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Obvious printers' errors not wanted. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Slips."

HERTFORDS HIRE EXPRESS:—"Tall peas need supporting with pea-sticks, which are not always easy to EAT."

REYNOLDS' SUNDAY NEWS:—"On the other side of the ridge, an English VOICE began WHISTLING."

SAUNDERSFOOT CHURCH MAGAZINE:—"A meeting was held to form a branch of the Society for the PROMOTION of Cruelty to Children."

DOVER EXPRESS AND EAST KENT NEWS:—"Eugene Permanent Waving 30s. for one month only. Don't WASTE TIME in making your appointment."

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY OF INDIA:—"Total distance accomplished is 650 miles, and petrol consumption worked out at 28 MILES PER HOUR."

THE RECORDER:—"At about 9 o'CLOCK on MONDAY AFTERNOON."

MUMBLES PRESS:—"Artificial respiration was continued for about 35 MONTHS."

BURY TIMES:—"On sale, stock-in-trade of Builder's Business. No reasonable offer ACCEPTED."

EVENING NEWS:—"Altogether 519 dogs were entered, of which EXACTLY HALF came from other tracks."

NORTH-EASTERN DAILY GAZETTE:—"Care must be taken that promises were NOT made which could be FULFILLED."

STAFFORDSHIRE EVENING SENTINEL:—"The AERODROME left Alice Springs on Wednesday to assist in the search."

THE WIZARD:—"The overseer went down WITHOUT A SOUND, but the NOISE had been HEARD by De Silva."

WONDERFUL COAT-FROCK OFFER IN GOOD QUALITY REPS

FOR **2/-** DOWN

DEAR MADAM,

I want you to see yourself in one of my Frocks.

There are Rep Frocks and Rep Frocks, but I am positive that these I am offering to-day are unequalled in value.

They are made of fine heavy all wool Rep, beautifully tailored and trimmed, with Calais lace collar and cuffs, Radiasheen fronts, with diamante buttons. A real West-End model, with pleated skirt, made in my own workrooms, studied in every detail and designed by experts. Can be worn with or without lace collar and cuffs. In shades of Navy, Lido, Cedar, New Cocoa, New Beige, Almond Green and Black.

I am sure that if you send for this Frock you will be more than satisfied; it is worth double the price I am asking. Price 25/11d. and 4/6 extra for O.S. Send me 2/- and agree to pay me 4/- per month, also let me know your bust measure, length and colour required.

Yours truly,

John Blanford

John Blanford

Dept. J. B. J.

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MY SIGNATURE YOUR SAFEGUARD

ACID STOMACH CAUSES ULCERS.

If you have indigestion, beware of stomach ulcers, which often result from a chronic inflamed or irritated condition of the stomach lining. That's why you should be careful of the indigestion remedy you use. One which merely stops the pain is not enough. It is most important that the stomach lining itself be healed and protected. To get quickest relief from indigestion—to neutralise instantly that dangerous, food-fermenting, gas-forming acid — take a little pure, harmless 'Bisurated' Magnesia. It will stop the pain at once, and is the one remedy which soothes, heals, and protects the acid-inflamed stomach lining. Play safe. Guard against chronic stomach trouble by using 'Bisurated' Magnesia. All chemists sell it in either powder or tablet form at only 1s. 3d. Get a package to-day, and enjoy your food without fear of pain and distress to follow.

"Dr. MARIE STOPES has set right numbers of needlessly unhappy marriages by her instruction"—says BERNARD SHAW.

Enduring Passion 6/-. *Post Free 6/4.*
A new contribution to the solution of sex difficulties.

Married Love 6/-. *Post Free 6/4.*
A book for married couples.

Wise Parenthood 3/6. *Post Free 3/9.*
A Practical Handbook on Birth Control.

Radiant Motherhood 6/-. *Post Free 6/4.*
Help for Expectant Parents.
The "Husband and Wife's Handbook," by Dr. O. Mann. 6d. Post free.

M.A.P. Publishers (Dept. 55), 24, Edgware Road, London, W.2.

Hands & Face Cleared Of ECZEMA

"My face and the backs of my hands were in a terrible state with eczema," says Miss W. Burley, of 15, Quadrangle, Eastleigh, Hants. "My skin seemed on fire. It burned and itched incessantly. With my hands and face constantly bandaged I was ashamed to be seen out. For a whole year I had to stay at home, unable to follow my employment. After three years of doctors' and other treatments I was at my wi s' end where to turn for a cure.

"One day a lady persuaded me to see what Zam-Buk could do. This grand herbal balm proved a miraculous soother for my tortured skin. It purified the sores, caused them to dry up and fall away and quickly removed all trace of blemish and disease. Zam-Buk gave me a healthy skin." New 1/3 and 3/- Zam-Buk boxes contain one and a half times the old quantity.

FREE! Send postcard (1d. stamp) to Zam-Buk, Leeds, for free samples of Zam-Buk Balm and Zam-Buk Medicinal Soap. Mention "John Bull." 4/5/29.

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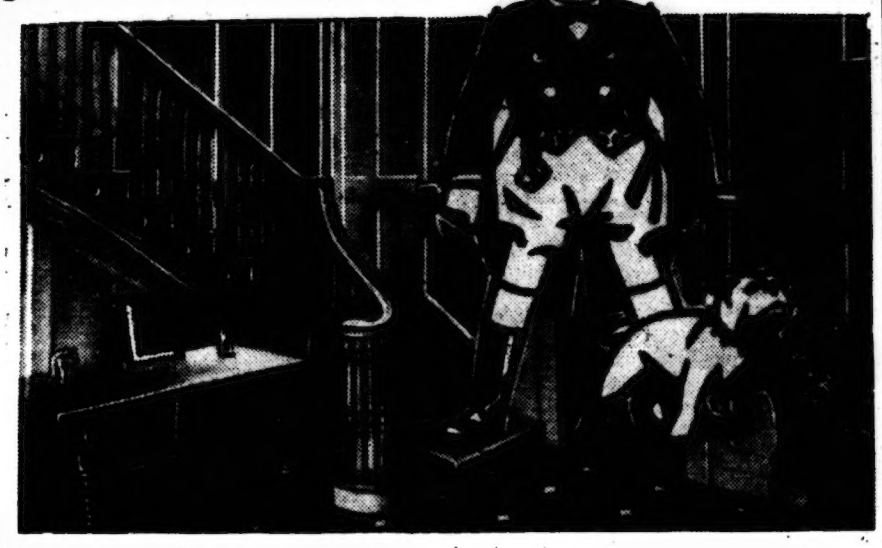

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41,452 Registered Readers have now received cheques under *John Bull's* Great Free Family Insurance Gift on account of FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, SICKNESS and ACCIDENT. See that this *paying* guest is in your home by signing the forms which you will find below.

209 Insurance Benefits Paid this week.

Owing to the lack of space we give only a few of the names of those who benefit this week.

Fire, up to £400.

SWANSEA.—Mr. F. J. MORRIS, Burrow Inn, Fort Tennant. WEST BROMWICH, STAFFS.—Mrs. E. GARDNER, 65, Florence Rd. HARTLEPOOL.—Mr. A. V. EMERSON, 41, Cleveland Rd., C.E. STAPLEFORD, YORKS.—Mrs. S. E. FROST, 100, Brookhill St., GLASGOW S.—Mr. R. A. MCCLURE, 25, McLean St., GARNDIFFAITH.—Mr. T. THOMAS, 56, Percy St., TRURO.—Mr E. R. SIMMONS, Penryn Rd., Carharrek. HALBERTON, Nr. TIVERTON.—Mrs. M. CASE, Whites Cott. FIRST TOWER, JERSEY.—Mr. S. WAVELL, 1, Brooklyn Row. Nr. RUDDINGTON.—Mr. H. B. GILL, Hayeswood, Landmere Lane. GLASGOW.—Mrs. C. NELSON, 17, North Elgin St., Clydebank. Nr. NORTHWICH.—Mrs. M. A. ROYLE, 20, Station Rd., Lostock Graham. GREENOCK.—Mr. W. O'HARA, 3, Mill St. GWAUNCAEGURWEN, GLAM.—Mr. D. J. DAVIES, 5, Carmel St. GLASGOW.—Mr. A. ROSS, 1,380, Shettleston Rd., Shettleston.

Storm-Flood, up to £300.

CWMAVON, PORT TALBOT.—Mr. R. HARRIS, 3 Ynisy Felin. SANDOWN.—Mrs. U. K. SCOVELL, Percy Cottage, Lake Hill. BLANTYRE, LANARKSHIRE.—Mr P. MCGUIRE, 99, Auchinraith Road. BRISTOL.—Mr. W. HALL, 17, Bryant St., Redcliffe Hill. CWMAVON.—Mr. W. DAVIES, 2, Ynysfelin, Pllwyglaw. DUNDEE.—Mr. T. COYLE, 60, Lilybank Rd. MARKHAM, Nr. NEWPORT, MON.—Mr. T. REES, 57, Bryn Rd.

Sickness Benefits, £5 5s.

CASTLEFORD, YORKS.—Mr. A. HARTWELL, 32, Smawthorne Lane. CASTLEFORD.—Mrs. W. A. LAMB, 49, Wellgate, Glasshoughton. NANTYBWCH, TREDEGAR.—Mr. A. PRITCHARD, 26, North Ave., Ash Vale. JARROW-ON-TYNE.—Mr. W. OSBORNES 131, Salem St. CWMBACH.—Mr. E. REES, 5, Richard, Terr. PLAISTOW, E.13.—Mr. W. G. POTTER, 1, Clove St., Barking Rd. SHEFFIELD.—Mr. H. TIDY 15, Babington Close, Manor Estate. DARLINGTON.—Mr. F. HENDERSON, 93, Park Lane. DOVER.—Mrs. W. GOLDSACK, 27, Astor Ave. SYDENHAM HILL, S.E.26.—Mr. E. R. DUDMAN, The Garage, 3, Crescent Wood Rd.

Accident Benefits, £8.

SHETTLESTON, GLASGOW.—Mrs. E. MACKIE, 1,080, Shettleston Rd. OLDHAM, LANCS.—Mr. J. H. MOORE, 14, Oak St., Hollinwood. CWMAMAN, ABERDARE.—Mrs. K. DAVIES, 29, Byron St. PYRFORD, Nr. WOKING.—Mrs. B. A. SMITHERS, St. Nicholas Lodge. HAREHILLS, LEEDS.—Mrs. S. A. NELSON, 6, Clifton Mount. LEIGH, LANCS.—Mrs. H. F. STEWARD, 81, Oxford St. FINCHLEY, N.3.—Mrs. E. DICKENS, 177, Squires Lane, Church End. PORTOBELLO, EDINBURGH.—Mrs. M. TAYLOR, 235, High St. BUXTON.—Mrs. M. H. PLANT, 68, Bennett St. HOCKLEY, BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. K. CORRIGAN, 133, Kingston St. EDGBASTON.—Mrs. A. POTTS, Over 160, Board St., Five Ways. NOTTINGHAM.—Mrs. L. POWELL, 20, Corporation Oaks. WEXFORD.—Mr. M. J. POWER, 69, Payther (The). EARLSHEATON, DEWSBURY.—Mrs. A. SKILLETER, 68, Walker St. Nr. STAFFORD.—Mrs. H. A. BLOCKLEY, The Chase.

Children's Benefits, £3.

CHEADLE, CHESHIRE.—Mrs. B. A. BURTON, 77, Frances St. PONTEFRACT.—Mrs. E. LONGFIELD, 2, North View, Love Lane. STOCKTON-ON-TEES.—Mrs. A. MCCURLEY, 14, York St. NORWICH.—Mrs. S. NOTLEY, 23, Wymer St. TOPSHAM.—Mr. W. HOWARD, The Cottages, 25, High St. WHITTLESEY, CAMBS.—Mr. J. HART, 77, Windmill St. MARDY, RHONDDA.—Mr. T. EVANS, 2, Wood St. SERN BY, MAUCHLINE.—Mr. J. WILSON, Constabulary Station, Main St. DELABOLE, CORNWALL.—Mr. E. COLLINS, Pengelly.

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PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B., 4/5/29.

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Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B., 4/5/29.

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No. 710—£300
"BULLETS"
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J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

BIG 'BULLETS' 1st and
£15·15·0 TWENTY EDISON BELL 'PICNIC PORTABLE' WIRELESS SETS
£300
2ND PRIZE £50
25 PRIZES OF £1
500 PRIZES OF 2/6
THIS WEEK ONLY
8,000 TARGET PRIZES
50 PRIZES OF 10/-
3RD PRIZE £25
Anywhere in Great Britain one of these handsome £15 15s. machines will flood your home with music at the touch of a switch. Neither aerial nor earth is required—and no wireless experience at all! You can see the 5-valve "Edison Bell" Picnic Portable in your local wireless shops.

WIRELESS WEEK IN "BULLETS"!

"SHE shall have music wherever she goes"—and so shall he, if they are amongst the twenty winners of £15 15s. "Edison Bell" Picnic Portable Wireless Sets which loom large in the *Bullets* Prize-list this week.

These handsome five-valve sets respond to the touch of a switch, no aerial or earth being required; they can be worked anywhere, indoors or out, without any wireless experience. Though the *Bullets* Wireless Set is actually easier to operate than a gramophone, Paris can be brought in as well as Daventry and your local station.

The list of cash prizes for this novel one-week offer is headed by a First Prize of £300 and includes 577 other cash awards.

HOW TO MAKE A "BULLET."

SELECT an *Example* from the list and add some comment of TWO, THREE or FOUR Words. Be original and apt in your observation, since that is the test by which all *Bullets* are judged. For instance, if you were to choose the *Example*, TIME THE HEALER, the words BUT DOCTOR SENDS BILL would complete a *Bullet*.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 712

FIRST PRIZE OF £600

MR. G. GOLD, 192, Bigmar Street, Hightown, Manchester.

Example:—DESERVES PROMOTION

Bullet:—PEACE—IT "WORKS BEST."

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. T. McLAREN, Hillside Cottage, Beech Lane, Penarth.

Example:—TALK—TALK—TALK—

Bullet:—AND—TICK! TICK! TICK!

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Miss A. FARRAR, 1, Rutbone Place, East Street, Leicester.

Example:—BRITAIN'S VISITORS

Bullet: *Beam* TO WELCOME THEM.

(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

10 Prizes of £5 each:

ASH, 36, Hamilton Street, Cardiff.
FOR COUSINS' SAKE—MAKE BRITISH "MAIL" INVINCIBLE.

F. BISHOP, 22, Wyndham Crescent, Aberaman.
TALK—TALK—TALK—"REMEMBRANCE"—"OCCUPATION" WON'T FOLLOW.

LEECH, 46, Everton Road, Liverpool.
BE CAREFUL, "JIX"—YOU'RE "GUARDIAN," NOT "WARDER."

J. MILES, 15, Bramham Gardens, Kensington, S.W.
JOB FOR SCOTLAND YARD—PROSECUTING CROWNS—NOT KING.

NORTON, The Cleeve, Corsham, Wilts.
TALK—TALK—TALK—YET CLUES REMAIN "UNSPEAKABLY."

STEVENSON, 55, Gibbon Road, Newhaven.
TALK—TALK—TALK—"VERDICT" *Public* MUST CENSOR.

TAYLOR, 20, Hillbrow, Letchworth, Herts.
CONSERVATIVE, LABOUR OR LIBERAL—"WHOSE YOUR FRIEND, LADY?"

(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

W. THOMPSON, 34, Wilmot Avenue, London, E.
WHAT THE CANVASSER SAID—"RHEUMATISM? VOTE FOR US!"

WILSON, 95, Main Street, Distington, Cumberland
A MAN-HATER—SO AUNTIE'S SUPPORTING GOVERNMENT.

WOOD, 6, Paradise Lane, Whiston, Lancs.
JOB FOR SCOTLAND YARD—DETECTING ESCAPED LUNATIC MOTORING.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

J. BARLOW, 29, Borth Avenue, Stockport.
ALL MEN ARE LIARS—INCOME-TAX OFFICIALS "ALLOW" *That*.

POLLITT, Moorcroft, Church Street, Martlwy Tyrdfl.
NOTHING TO DO WITH HIM—HEART, MODERN GIRLS "FLUTTER."

H. COX, Bute Villa, Glenyre, Taff's Well, Cardiff.
HOW HE GOT CAUGHT—SHAVED TO REMOVE FINGER-PRINTS.

L. EVANS, 72, Whitburn Street, Bridgnorth, Salop.
BE CAREFUL "JIX"—OR MAY MAY DISMAY.

(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

M. HADDON, 26, Somerset Way, Ivor, Bucks.
HOW HE GOT CAUGHT—SIMILE LETTER—NOT MAIL-BAG.

O. HARRIS, 7, Green Road, Southsea, Hants.
BRITAIN'S VISITORS—CAN'T STOP "REMEMBERING SABBATH."

HITCHEN, Crags School, Maltby, Rotherham.
ANTICIPATING—LEGACY—YOU'LL GET "LEFT."

R. PITCHER, 262, Marsh Lane, Wootle, Liverpool.
DESERVES PROMOTION—ONLY "IDEA" OFFICE-BOY HAS.

E. SEWELL, 32, Crosland Road, Huddersfield.
"KEEP OFF THE GRASS!"—PETTER—"KEEP" OFF LAND.

C. J. TAYLOR, 4, Valley Road, Ebbw Vale, Mon.
WELSH WIZARD—"ON TOUR" *Seeking* ENGAGEMENT.

ALL PRIZES HAVE BEEN POSTED.

A list of 25 £1 and 50 10/- winners will be published in "Bullets Bulletin," a copy of which will be sent to all prize-winners. A list of 500 2/6 Prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "JOHN BULL."

☞ Any reader may obtain a free copy of "Bullets Bulletin," our new help for competitors, by forwarding halfpenny stamped addressed envelope. Sixpenny P.O., crossed and made payable to "JOHN BULL," brings 12 issues post free. Address: "Bulletin" Dept., "JOHN BULL," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible.

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" No. 716.

New Parliament—Talking Or Silent—Nearest—Somebody Blundered—Chains Of Office—At Large—Young People—To Err Is Human—A Dog-fight—Result Of The Election—Round One—He Had A Job, But—Big Responsibility—Hubby Thinks—Horse Worth Backing—Guaranteed—Prompt Payment—Always Out—Regularly—Steady, Mr. Motorist—Nobody Loves Her—Like A Lamb—Hail-Rain-Snow—What Baby Will Be—I'd Like To See—Our Ancestors—Let Bygones Be Bygones—Determination—One Man—Kisses—Knocking At The Door—Where Are Our Statesmen?

(Closing Saturday, May 18.)

Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 715.

BRITAIN'S BIGGEST	NOW OPEN	THE HALL-MARK
ELIGIBLE YOUNG MAN	SUGARY SPEECHES	MAKING NO PROMISES
PUZZLES THE ELECTORS	SINKING	SHOWS HE'S A MAN
NEAR ENOUGH	DELICATE SITUATION	FUTILE
THE MAY QUEEN	NOBODY KNOWS	I SOMETIMES WISH
MONEY ISN'T EVERYTHING	SAID TO THE CANVASSER	NOT A SUCCESS
DIVIDING THE SPOILS	HER WISDOM	REAL COMEDIAN
BREATHING DEFIANCE	HE MEANT WELL, BUT	MY TREASURE
SHE REMEMBERS	MY GARDEN	STRIKING TESTIMONY
AN OMEN	HOW TO MAKE LOVE	"FANCY SEEING YOU!"
BAD MANNERS	TIME THE HEALER	

Example _____ Closing Date, SATURDAY, May 11.

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(715) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Signed _____

Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date SATURDAY, May 11.

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(715) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

Signed _____

Address _____

Your "Bullet" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing Date, SATURDAY, May 11.

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(715) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed _____

Address _____

Enter your full name and address on each coupon.

Example _____ Closing Date, SATURDAY, May 11.

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(715) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

Signed _____

Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Coupons: "Bullets" No. 715, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 715 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

The original cheque for £300 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 711 will be shown in the window of Mr. S. Kirtley, High Street, Harlech, N. Wales.

BIGGER 'BULLETS' FIRST £500 GUINEAS NEXT WEEK ONLY

A LITTLE 'ASPRO' AND A LITTLE COMMONSENSE

IS ALL THAT MOST HOMES REQUIRE TO KEEP THEM WELL

It is a fact that a little 'ASPRO' and a little commonsense will keep most homes well and happy. Happy because they are well. 'ASPRO' renders quick aid in soothing away your pain or bringing sweet sleep to the sleepless. Then on account of its being, after ingestion in the system, an anti-pyretic, an anti-periodic and a solvent of Uric Acid, it proceeds to dispel or dissolve the cause of most complaints. In cases of a serious nature it is up to you to prevent a recurrence by refraining from doing that which made you ill. Analyse your habits and you will generally find that you are going to extremes in some shape or form. For instance, over-eating would be a case in point. 'ASPRO,' FIRST, will dispel the discomfort of pain; SECOND, dispel or dissolve its cause; THIRD, allow Nature to complete the cure. Nature unaided fails. Your garden would become a garden of weeds but for the application of Science. 'ASPRO' represents the latest word in safe, quick, efficient and scientific methods of dealing with most complaints. It has conquered the world by its healing service. IT IS :—

THE UNIVERSAL MEDICINE OF THE WORLD

EVEN A CHILD CAN TAKE 'ASPRO.' Two simple methods of giving 'ASPRO' to the kiddies are : (a) with a little milk ; or (b) break the tablet up and administer in a teaspoonful of jam. The dosage is : Children 3 to 6 years, ½ tablet ; 6 to 14 years, 1 tablet 14 to 18 years, 1½ tablets. 'ASPRO,' like every other medicine, should not be given to babies under 3 years of age without medical advice.

14 USES for 'ASPRO'

1. It stops violent headaches in 5 to 10 minutes.
2. It brings sweet sleep to the sleepless.
3. It relieves rheumatism in one night.
4. It relieves children's growing pains.
5. It saves many a sound tooth by removing toothache.
6. It brings relief without causing sickness, indigestion or a craving.
7. It stops pain without harming the heart.
8. It soothes away irritability.
9. A hot lemon drink and two or three 'ASPRO' Tablets will smash up a Cold or 'Flu attack in one night.
10. It reduces temperature in 5 minutes.
11. It can be taken any time, in Tram, Train, at Home, at Business—anywhere—everywhere.
12. It is so safe, a child can take it.
13. It is the greatest help for women every little while ever known.
14. It stops the ill after-effects of alcohol.

NEURALGIA & SLEEPLESSNESS GO

92, Coronation Avenue,
Stoke Newington, N.16.

Dear Sir,

Thanks to the wonders of 'ASPRO' I am to-day a different woman. I was a terrible sufferer of neuralgia and sleeplessness, and all that I tried could afford me no relief. A neighbour offered me two 'ASPRO' tablets and the result was immediate relief after nights of constant pain. My next attack came and I sent for a box ; since then I have never been without them. I always carry them about with me and often give them to my friends as I know they can be relied upon and am so sure of them giving excellent results.

Yours gratefully,
(Signed) M. DELMONT (Mrs)

Doctor from Westminster Recommends

115, Marsham Street,
Westminster, London, S.W.1.

Sirs,—I feel I must write and tell you what I think about 'ASPRO.' For the last two years I have suffered with headache and nerve shock. I was recommended by my doctor to take 'ASPRO,' and now I am free from all pain and nervous breakdowns, and I will never be without 'ASPRO.'

I have recommended them to all my friends, who are satisfied with the result.

I remain, yours faithfully,
(Signed) Miss F. SNEWING.

P.S.—If you wish you may use my name as a testimonial. I will recommend 'ASPRO' as much as I can.

REMEMBER 'ASPRO' SUCCEEDS WHERE ASPIRIN FAILS!

6D 1'3 & 2'6 PER PACKET

The cheapest way to buy 'ASPRO' is the 2/6 packet. It contains 60 tablets, equivalent to 3/- worth of 'ASPRO' for 2/6.

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetyl Salicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

Agents : GOLLIN & CO. PTY. LTD.
(Aspro Dept), SLOUGH, BUCKS.

Telephone: Slough 608.

No proprietary rights is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS & STORES, INCLUDING BOOTS, TAYLORS, TIMOTHY WHITES, SQUIRES, NEEDHAMS, ETC., STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO.'

Children's SORES

"We tried all sorts of ointments"

THE *safe* way is the Germolene way—the *aseptic* way. Germolene doesn't smart and burn like *anti-septic*; healing starts at once, and *no scars* are left. All the poison and pus are gently *ejected*, and irritation is soothed at the first touch.

No mother should be without Germolene; it is wonderful for *any* skin trouble. Get a tin to-day!

Read this letter.

"My son, aged three, had his face covered with sores so badly that we could not wash him. We tried all sorts of ointments, but they did no good. At last we tried Germolene, and the first tin (1/3) made a complete cure in ten days."—Mr. J. Cole, 12, Clifton Street, Barnsley, Yorks.

Germolene is the most effective treatment for—

Eczema
Infectious rashes, sore and sores. Rely on Germolene to relieve irritation and clear the skin.

Cuts
Safety first—apply Germolene. Many have had cause to regret neglect of a small cut or scratch.

Rashes
and Impetigo—every mother should prove the value of Germolene. It is also most efficacious in cases of ringworm.

Bad Leg
Germolene has scored many notable triumphs in the treatment of bad leg. Full directions are given in the little booklet included with every tin of Germolene.

Ulcers
abscesses and other ailments arising from blood impurities—take Germolets to cleanse the blood and apply Germolene—hundreds have testified to the success of this treatment.

Scalds
Smear with Germolene and all the smarting and the pain will subside and the danger of blood poisoning will be prevented.

GERMOLENE ASEPTIC SOAP
Use it instead of ordinary Soap if your skin is ailing or complexion poor. You will soon see a big improvement.

Germolene
ASEPTIC SKIN DRESSING

Get your tin TO-DAY!

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